

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

MAY 16, 1960

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

**THE COLD WAR GETS HOTTER**  
*The High-Flying U-2 & the Cloudy Summit*



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FRANCIS POWERS

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VOL. LXXV NO. 20



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TIME  
May 16, 1960

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Volume LXXV  
Number 20

# Meet a traveling man who really knows personalized service of



## Here's R. L. (Bob) Siler...

Assistant Sales Manager, Ralston Division, Ralston Purina Company, St. Louis. Bob's typical of the modern traveling executive—100,000 miles or more a year. He's used many car rental services, but for the past two years he's been a National Car regular. Why? Let him tell you about a recent business trip he made to Florida with our photographer along...



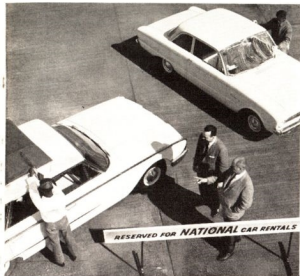
**"MY FIRST STOP—NATIONAL'S AIRPORT OFFICE"** where he met Jacksonville's National Car Rentals owner-manager, Ebbie Brown. Bob used his National Card (though National's 800 nationwide offices accept all recognized cards). He had reserved a new Ford station wagon with a special luggage carrier before leaving St. Louis. It was ready and waiting.



**"ON THE ROAD, MY NATIONAL CAR'S MY OFFICE..."** or sometimes a conference room or a store." One of Bob's many trips around Jacksonville was a Professional Dog Courtesy Call to Shad Kennels to discuss Purina Dog Chow with owner Henry Shad. "I found the kennels easily, thanks to the route Ebbie laid out for me. On a call like this you really appreciate the big convenience of reserving a station

wagon. Only trouble is, the dogs always think they're going hunting when you open up the back end, and they're ready to pile in. And there's always a puppy, or two, I'd like to take with me." After the visit, Bob made good use of the brush National had supplied in the dashboard. He quickly cleaned off "probably the only pair of mohair trousers in Florida."

# about the localized, **NATIONAL CAR RENTALS**



**"NATIONAL CARS ARE REALLY BABIED!** As I picked up my Ford wagon, Ebbie proudly pointed out that every National car he owns is washed, cleaned, and safety-checked after every rental. I've noticed that managers who personally own their own cars, as they do in the National System, just naturally seem to take better care—personal interest—in their property."



**"NATIONAL KNOWS THE BEST ROUTES.** As I had some 40 calls to make—grocery stores, kennels, institutions—from Jacksonville all the way down the coast, I asked about the best roads, Ebbie—like most National managers—knows local road conditions and marked up a map for me. (Note the National attendant loading up my store display material. I appreciate little extras like that.)"



**"WONDERFUL PLACE TO STOP"** (through a National tip). Swinging back up the coast from an institutional call at Patrick Air Force Base, Bob stopped at the Ko-Ko Motel just south of Canaveral. "When I'm not familiar with restaurants or motels, I often ask the National Car manager and I'm seldom disappointed. Just missed seeing a big shoot from the Cape."



**"THAT PERSONAL TOUCH MAKES NATIONAL BETTER** and that's the big reason I rent National cars whenever I can." Would you like information about National Credit Cards or Special Corporation Plan? Call a local office, or write National Car Rentals, 1209 Washington Ave., St. Louis 3, Mo. (National franchises are now available in a few cities. For details, please write us.)

# LETTERS

## Ministers' Wifemanship

Sir:

At the risk of sounding like a nut in Pollyannaland, I'd like to clarify a few points about ministers' wives [April 25]. Moneywise, if she has a small family and large church, her problems may be negligible; if the situation is reversed, she has financial rough sledding.

It is true some services are gratis, but most aren't. And why should they be? The parsonage system, ministerial discounts, etc. are perhaps more bane than boon. Two laymen discussing their minister's salary illustrate my point. "Maybe we should give him a raise." "What! He gets \$4,000 now and the parsonage. That's as good as \$8,000."

In every area of her life, the M.W. is damned if she does and damned if she doesn't. This has been so since the days of Moses, when God smote Miriam for murmuring. If she's retiring, she's "backward"; if she's a leader, she's got her "nose in everything." If she is devoted to her family, she's "making idols of her children"; if she's immersed in church work, she's "sacrificing her children."

There are rewards, true. But I'm impatient with any talk that it's all milk and honey in the ministry. Such talk is secularly unrealistic (viz., the large number of deadbeat ministers) and theologically unsound (viz., the Bible).

MRS. MARVEN BOWMAN JR.

Calcutta United Presbyterian Church  
East Liverpool, Ohio

Sir:

Heaven help us if we in the ministry expect to find, among our "unique and abundant" satisfactions, the rare privilege of obtaining free professional services. As long as the minister and his wife expect and receive this sort of handout from the community around them, they will continue to be regarded as some sort of unique creatures, living abnormal and insulated lives. And what man living a normal life, with all its joy and pain, will listen with expectancy when an abnormal man tries to preach?

JOHN D. KING

New Haven, Conn.

## Pregnancy in the Pulpit

Sir:

As a happy nonfeminist woman in the ministry, I would like to point out that the fear of a pregnant woman in the pulpit is by no means universal [April 25]. My son is still dressed almost entirely by the loving gifts of my former parishioners, and my present parishioners decided to call me to this charge less than two months before he was born. My husband and I hope to have a large family, and so far as I know, no one—in either parish—has been horrified at the prospect.

(THE REV.) JAN VANDERBURG

The Second Congregational Church  
West Cornwall, Conn.

## Behind the Champion

Sir:

Re your May 2 cover story on Arnold Palmer: It was a splendid account of Arnold's life. But you did the most important person in Arnold's life, up until his marriage to Winnie, a great injustice by not mentioning her and the great part she played in molding Arnold's character and personality.

True, Arnold's father made him the golfer he is today, but his mother made him the champion and wonderful all-round guy. I

might mention at this point that she is my mother also and that I grew up under her guidance just as Arnold did.

MRS. RONALD TILLEY

Woodbridge, Va.

## Capital in the Wilderness

Sir:

I think your April 25 picture story on Brasilia was a colorful photographic achievement. As always, your reporting was excellent and conclusive.

WILLIAM H. SCHERPING

Elmont, N.Y.

Sir:

I have followed and approved the development of the design of Brasilia from Novacap's bureau in Rio, and I think the carrying out of the original idea proved better than expected.



MRS. COSTA

I do not go there for two reasons: first, because I wish to leave the whole credit of architectural expression and actual building of the town to Niemeyer and Pinheiro; second, because my wife Leleta would have loved to be there, and I rather prefer to share the impediment.

LUCIO COSTA

Rio de Janeiro

Architect Costa's wife was killed in an auto accident in 1954. As a result, in Brasilia, he tried to minimize traffic hazards, designed an elaborate system of 58 overpasses and cloverleaves.—Ed.

## A Second Look at the Record

Sir:

Your April 18 article about Al Smith was very interesting, but [in saying he was the first Roman Catholic presidential candidate from a major party] it contained one error unworthy of *TIME*. Let us look at the record, as the Happy Warrior would say.

If you go back to the 1856 election, the records will show that the nominee for President on the Republican ticket was General John C. Frémont, a Roman Catholic.

HAROLD C. RANDALL

Litchfield, Conn.

Let Reader Randall look again. Frémont's foes circulated a rumor that he was a Catholic, but he was in fact an Episcopalian.—Ed.

## Yes & No

Sir:

I have many friends who are Roman Catholics, but I would not vote to put a Roman Catholic in the White House because I fear the Roman Catholic hierarchy as I fear the Kremlin, and for the same reasons. Is this bigotry?

ETHEL R. MIRICK

Princeton, Mass.

Sir:

Reader O'Connor [April 25] has no reason to worry about the Pope's coming to America. It makes as much sense as for Catholics to worry about Bishop Pike's moving into the White House to influence Eisenhower on the subject of birth control for all Americans.

MARGENE BETTS

Elmira, N.Y.

## Lyndon & Adlai?

Sir:

Congratulations for your fine cover story on Senator Lyndon B. Johnson [April 25]. I doubt if some of the people in America ever realized what an important role the Senate majority leader holds in Congress.

JOHNNY R. KOLENDA

Hartford, Conn.

Sir:

Humphrey and Symington are good men, as far as presidential candidates go, but they haven't quite the stature to represent our nation. Senator Kennedy is both good and "cute"—but he is too young. Adlai Stevenson is the "brains" of the party—along with L.B.J. Put the two of them together, and you have a winning team, with Adlai in second place, probably.

MARY M. PORTER

Clearfield, Utah

## Take a Bow, Stalzer

Sir:

In the reference to Project Hydra which appeared in your May 2 issue, credit should be given to Lieut. Charles E. Stalzer, U.S. Navy, my associate on this project. In addition to working with me on the basic concept of Hydra, Lieut. Stalzer actually designed the test missile pictured.

JOHN E. DRAIM

Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.  
Oxnard, Calif.

## Letters from the Editors

Sir:

I am astonished to note in your April 25 issue that, in describing the attitude of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* toward the South African interracial crisis, you say that we "took refuge in the obvious," and your sole quotation from our editorial is the first sentence, namely: "The attempted assassination of Prime Minister Verwoerd emphasizes once again the explosive nature of South Africa's dilemma."

You fail to mention that the last paragraph of the editorial reads:

"As Prime Minister Macmillan noted in his Cape Town speech: 'The winds of change' are not stopped by political boundaries—nor can they be indefinitely ignored. Unless the Verwoerd government modifies its extreme policies, the situation will move from bad to worse."

VIRGINIUS DABNEY

Editor

Richmond Times-Dispatch  
Richmond

Sir:

In "The Bowles Boomlet" [May 2], it is stated that Chester Bowles "won a Page One endorsement from the *New Republic*."

The article to which you refer reported the effort being made in Bowles's behalf and sympathetically presented the case made by his partisans. But the *New Republic* as of this date has made no endorsement.

GILBERT A. HARRISON

Editor and Publisher

The New Republic  
Washington, D.C.

## More Than Conquerors

Sir:

The April 18 issue with your outstanding article "More than Conquerors" reached me in Jerusalem. In the past ten weeks I have visited some of the mission fields of the world and I cannot but react most favorably to your carefully documented article. I saw some of the missionaries you described at work and I am more convinced now than

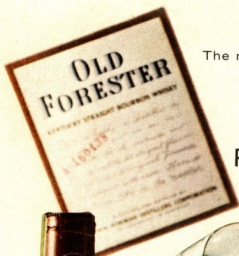




Sight-see your way to Europe on the Sunlane. On the Sunlane, you see more than the sea. You sail through the green-carpeted Azores and past the African coast, with its snowy peaks. You see Algeciras (port for Madrid), a quaint Spanish town nestling beside Gibraltar. Next, Cannes, the glittering French Riviera (only hours to Paris!), Genoa and Portofino, part fishing port, part Paradise (pictured above). You sweep into Naples; can you really be seeing Vesuvius? And—the air is warm, the ship is magnificent, the ocean is relaxed. Ask your travel agent. **CONSTITUTION & INDEPENDENCE • American Export Lines**



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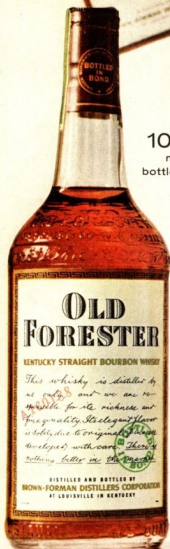


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FRANK F. WARREN  
President

Whitworth College  
Spokane, Wash.

Sir:

I appreciate your emphasis on the Lord's servant, the Apostle Paul, rather than on us, who are only attempting to do a part of the great missionary work for which Christ chose Paul.

(THE REV.) L. E. LOCK JR.

Obot Idim-Uyo  
Nigeria, West Africa

Sir:

Not long ago I heard one of my colleagues say that if missionaries read their Bibles as avidly and thoroughly as they do TIME, there would be no dearth of Biblical knowledge and scholarship among us. We not only thank you but also salute you for giving such generous space to the Christian church around the world.

JAMES N. DWIGHT

Instituto Ponte Nova  
Itacira, Bahia, Brazil

Sir:

May I express my admiration for the very beautiful set of pictures showing mission work throughout the world.

I was surprised, however, that a picture representing the work of the Roman Catholic Church should be the only one shown of work among our Eskimos, since 82½% of the Eskimos in Canada are Anglican.

DONALD B. MARSH

Bishop of the Arctic (Anglican)

Toronto

Sir:

Your cover story gave me new faith in my calling.

MARK G. MAXEY

Kyushu Christian Mission  
Kanoya, Kagoshima, Japan

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OR IS EASIER  
ON GAS...OR...



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Cheer up, Charlie Brown. The new Ford Falcon is still the easiest *adult* wagon in the world to own. There's plenty of proof of this! It's America's lowest priced 6-passenger wagon\* . . . gives you the best gas mileage, too. It goes up to 30 miles on a single gallon. It goes 4000 miles between oil changes. It never needs waxing. It costs less to service, less to insure. And it has the longest load floor of any of the compact station wagons. (Beat that, Linus!)

FORD DIVISION, Ford Motor Company.



NEW FROM AMERICA'S WAGON SPECIALISTS

\*Based on a comparison  
of manufacturers' suggested  
retail delivered prices.

**FORD Falcon WAGON**

TIME  
May 16, 1960

Volume LXXV  
Number 20

TIME, MAY 16, 1960

# Why railroad men watch television



At home, TV is entertainment—but on railroads, it's strictly business.

Freight cars entering or leaving the yards are pictured on TV in the yard office. The numbers on the cars provide immediate identification, resulting in faster make-up of trains.

Because railroads are constantly exploring opportunities for progress like this, railroad service is reaching new peaks of efficiency every year. And that's important to all of us—for we're going to need railroads more than ever in the boom years ahead.

That's why an enlightened public policy, giving railroads equal opportunity with competing forms of transportation, is in everyone's interest. America's railroads—the lifeline of the nation—are the main line to *your* future.

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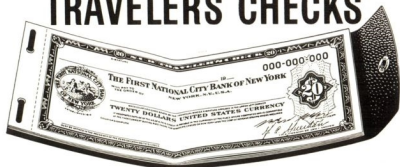
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price of a good  
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TIME, MAY 16, 1960



SUPERINTENDENT JOHN DABBERT IN CHICAGO PRESSROOM

## A letter from the PUBLISHER

*Bernhard M. Auer*

AT 7 o'clock one morning last week, just 40 hours before press time for this week's issue, TIME's editors noted the news crackling out of Moscow and made a quick decision: the cover subject should be U.S. Pilot Francis Powers, who had landed in Russia, in the headlines, and in the middle of the cold war. Within minutes, cables and telephone calls were going out of the TIME & LIFE Building in Manhattan to three continents with the message that the editors had put aside the cover that had been painted, printed and written, to make way for one of the latest cover changes in TIME history.

Washington Bureau Chief John Steele quickly mustered his reporters and reached out to Pound, Va., Powers' home town. In Los Angeles, Bureau Chief Frank McCulloch rolled out well before dawn. In New York, National Affairs Senior Editor Louis Banks assigned Associate Editor Richard Seamon to write the story. Writer Seamon had more than a passing knowledge of Francis Powers' problems in the upper atmosphere over Russia: during World War II he was a Marine pilot assigned to a combat photomapping unit.

During the next 40 hours, cables and telephone calls moved from Moscow

to Hong Kong to Beirut to Atlanta as TIME's staffers and stringers ferreted out details of the story. Acting on a tip from Bureau Chief McCulloch, the Tokyo Bureau's Frank Iwama tracked down a Japanese magazine with the best-known printed description of the U-2, and fired off a running English translation by cable.

While most of TIME's cover pictures are the product of long, painstaking work by editors and artists, this week's was produced from a wrinkled, wallet-sized picture in the Powers family album. As it was being engraved, all of the plants in which TIME is printed—Chicago, Albany, Washington, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Tokyo, Melbourne, Paris and Havana—were preparing for the big change. When the covers were being airlifted to their destinations, said Production Chief Bert Chapman, "practically every airplane overhead was carrying TIME material."

Not since World War II has TIME's staff executed such a feat of double-time journalism and production. This all-out effort to report an exciting moment of history produced a story that we feel—and we hope our readers agree—is unmatched in its drama, depth and perspective.

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John Bryson

THE U-2 IN FLIGHT

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE NATION

#### Cold-War Candor

"It is certainly no secret," said the State Department last week, "that, given the state of the world today, intelligence collection activities are practiced by all countries . . . The necessity for such activities as measures for legitimate national defense is enhanced by the excessive secrecy practiced by the Soviet Union in contrast to the free world."

With historic frankness, the statement went on to admit that "endeavoring to obtain information now concealed behind the Iron Curtain," an unarmed U.S. plane had flown over Soviet territory. Thus the U.S. told the world that a Lockheed U-2 brought down over Russia on May 1 was flying an intelligence mission, just as Premier Nikita Khrushchev said.

That admission stirred up a flurry of concern at home and abroad over the U.S.'s "embarrassment." The admission was embarrassing to the U.S. for one reason: it reversed the Administration's earlier claim that the U.S. was engaged in high-altitude meteorological research over Turkey and the plane drifted into Russia by mistake.

**Open Skies.** All the bored calm with which the world awaited an unproductive summit vanished in a new preoccupation: Would Khrushchev make use of his capture of the U.S. high-flying plane either to scuttle the summit or make unreasonable demands? Would allies be dismayed and neutrals angered?

The apprehensions, as they so often are, were exaggerated. The incident, coupled with Khrushchev's recent intransigence, has certainly heated up the cold war. But

people everywhere have accepted the reality of the cold war, which has its own kinds of maneuvers, battles, tactics and weapons.

Faced with the unexpected, the State Department, after its manly candor, set out to make its own points about the U-2.

"One of the things creating tension in the world today," it said, "is apprehension over surprise attack with weapons of mass destruction. To reduce mutual suspicion and to get a measure of protection against surprise attack, the U.S. in 1955 offered its 'open skies' proposal—a proposal which was rejected out of hand by the Soviet Union. It is in relation to the danger of surprise attack that planes of the type of the unarmed civilian U-2 aircraft have made flights along the frontiers of the free world for the past four years."

**Cleared Air.** If the U.S. felt embarrassed, perhaps rocket-rattling Nikita ("We will bury you") Khrushchev must have found it embarrassing, too, to have the world learn that unarmed, big-target U.S. planes had been flying missions over Soviet territory for four years before his armed forces finally managed to bring one down.

For reasons of his own, Nikita Khrushchev chose to make a spectacular out of the U-2 incident (see FOREIGN NEWS). In Washington, there were some calls for a congressional investigation, and in both the U.S. and Britain some fears were expressed that the U.S., by risking the U-2 flight "at this time," had risked prospects for "agreements" at the summit. But if the shooting down of the U-2 dimmed summit prospects, they could not have been very bright beforehand.

Perhaps they were never very bright.

President Eisenhower, Secretary of State Herter and Under Secretary of State Dillon have all made it clear in recent weeks that the U.S. will go to the summit determined to hold fast to its rights in Berlin, and Nikita Khrushchev has shown in tough-toned speeches that the U.S. firmness has undercut his hopes of making any headway at the summit.

The talk of endangered agreements at the summit showed a short memory of what the cold war was all about and how it got that way. Under standard Communist terms no agreements of any substance or durability were likely to be possible at the summit, before or after the U-2 incident, unless the U.S. and its allies would accede to Russian demands. By candidly admitting that the U.S. is flying intelligence missions over Russia, by vividly reminding the world that a cold war is going on, and by demonstrating that it reserves the right to defend itself in every way it can, the U.S. might have cleared the summit air for some hard talk on hard issues that could be a lot more worthwhile than vague, generalized agreements.

### DEFENSE

#### Flight to Sverdlovsk

(See Cover)

The low black plane with the high tail looked out of place among the shiny military jets crowding the U.S. Air Force base at Incirlik, near Adana, Turkey. Its wide wings drooped with delicate languor—like a squatting seagull, too spent to fly. Its pilot seemed equally odd: a dark, aloof young man who wore a regulation flying suit and helmet but no markings, and had a revolver on his hip. Pilot Francis Gary



Associated Press

KHRUSHCHEV SHOWS U-2'S PHOTOS OF RUSSIA TO SUPREME SOVIET  
More annoying than the one he caught were those that flew unscathed.

Powers, 30, climbed into the one-man cockpit, gunned the black ship's single engine, and as the plane climbed toward take-off speed, the wide wings stiffened and the awkward outrigger wheels that had served as ground support dropped away.

Steadily the plane climbed—beyond the ceiling of transports, beyond the ceiling of bombers and interceptors, up through 60,000 ft., beyond the reach of any other operational craft and, as far as the pilot knew, of anti-aircraft fire as well. Back at Incirlik, an operations officer tersely logged the take-off of the high-altitude U-2 weather research flight. If all went well, that was all the official records would ever have to say. Meanwhile, Pilot Powers banked to a course that took him north and east—across toward the border of Soviet Russia.

As the world found out last week, Francis Powers, onetime U.S. Air Force first lieutenant, was off on an intrepid flight that would ultimately carry him up the spine of the Soviet Union. From south to north, his high-flying instruments would record the effectiveness of Russian radar, sample the air for radioactive evidence of illicit nuclear tests. The U-2's sensitive infra-red cameras could sweep vast arcs of landscape, spot tall, thin smokestacks or rocket blasts—if there were any—on pads far below.

Francis Powers was on an intelligence mission, like many unsung pilots before him. As such, he was as much a part of the long thin line of U.S. defense as G.I.s on duty in Berlin, technicians manning missile-tracking stations behind him in Turkey, shivering weather watchers drifting through a winter on ice islands in the Arctic. As such, he, and they, were engaged in giving the free world the warning it must have if it is to protect itself from Russian attack, and the shield of intelligence it must have if it is to seek peace

without the danger of being lured into a fatal trap.

**Cloak & Dagger.** But Pilot Powers had bad luck: he got caught, and Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev says that he talked. Thus Khrushchev had the chance to tell the world about the U-2's mission last week—with all the embellishment and distortion that best suited his case.

After taking off from his base in Turkey on April 27, said Khrushchev, Powers flew across the southern boundary of the U.S.S.R. to Peshawar in Pakistan. From there, on May 1, he took off on a reconnaissance flight that was supposed to take him up the Ural Mountains to Murmansk

on the Kola Peninsula to a landing in Norway (see map). Soviet radar tracked him all the way, and over Sverdlovsk, on Khrushchev's personal order, he was shot down at 65,000 ft. by a Soviet ground-to-air rocket. Pilot Powers, said Khrushchev, declined to fire his ejection seat because that would have blown up his plane, its instrumentation and possibly Powers himself. Instead, he climbed out of his cockpit, parachuted to earth and was captured, while his plane crashed near by.

Khrushchev spared no cloak-and-dagger touches. He brandished what he called a poisoned suicide needle that Powers was supposed to use to kill himself to avoid capture. Said Khrushchev: Powers refused to use it—"Everything alive wants to live." Khrushchev displayed high-altitude, infra-red pictures of Soviet targets, which he said had been reclaimed from the U-2's cameras ("The pictures are quite clear. But I must say ours are better"). No one explained how so much could be salvaged from a plane purportedly destroyed by a rocket. Khrushchev waxed in sarcasm as he reported that Powers had carried a conglomeration of French francs, Italian lire and Russian rubles, plus two gold watches and seven gold rings. "What was he going to do?" asked Khrushchev scornfully. "Fly to Mars and seduce Martian women?"

"For the time being," said Khrushchev after threatening a trial for Powers and a press conference at which the remains of the U-2 would be put on public display, "we qualify this aggressive act by an American aircraft . . . as one aimed at nerve-racking, rekindling the cold war and reviving the dead rat while it is not yet prepared for war. Imagine what would happen if a Soviet plane appeared over New York or Chicago," he went on. "U.S. official spokesmen have repeatedly de-





clared that they have duty atomic bombers which, on the approach of a foreign plane, can take to the air and head for assigned targets . . . We do not have duty bombers, but we do have duty rockets, which accurately and inevitably will arrive at their appointed targets and do their job more surely and efficiently."

**Intelligence Gap.** As Khrushchev's scathing statement hit Washington, officials broke their Saturday calm for a day-long series of huddles and telephone calls to the President at his Gettysburg farm. In the end, a week of confusion was washed out with one eminently sensible decision; to tell the truth. With the President's approval, hapless Lincoln White, the same State Department spokesman who had the day before denied any U.S. overflights of Russia, dictated the statement that a U.S. jet had indeed been snooping for Soviet secrets—as U.S. planes have been doing for the past four years. "The necessity for such activities as measures for legitimate national defense," said White, "is enhanced by the excessive secrecy practiced by the Soviet Union in contrast to the free world."

Such cold-war candor gave the U.S. a chance to discuss with equal candor the massive problem of getting adequate intelligence about the vast Communist nations. The Soviet dictatorship keeps its secrets—even from its own citizens—by the classic techniques of a police state. Travel is restricted, and foreigners off the beaten path are spied on. No news of even an air crash ever appears in the Soviet press unless the Kremlin wants it there; no stories of new weapons or defense plants are ever told by Moscow's radio commentators unless there is a propaganda motive. Secrecy not only enables Khrushchev & Co. to hide what they have but to hide what they don't have as well.

Early in the high-stakes cold-war game, the U.S. knew that it was appallingly weak on its intelligence of the U.S.S.R. This meant that the U.S. had no real basis for shaping its own deterrent force. The U.S. Air Force thought for years that it had to defend itself against a big Russian bomber force when the Soviets actually had switched to missiles. In the dawning age of ICBMs, the U.S. itself became a certain target with all major defense installations well known; yet U.S. forces did not know of any military targets except major Soviet cities, and precious little about the new ones that were behind the Urals. No gap in weapons was ever so serious to U.S. security as the intelligence gap.

**Fringe of Space.** Soon after the cold war began, heavily loaded U.S. patrol bombers began lugging cameras and electronic gear around the rim of Russia to scout out Soviet radar defenses. As they fought their ill-equipped, cold-war intelligence battles, they counted their casualties from Siberia to Armenia. Some five years ago the Central Intelligence Agency asked California's Lockheed Aircraft Corp. to design an almost incredible plane. It must be capable of deep penetration of



MOSCOW PHOTO OF PURPORTED WRECKAGE OF THE U-2  
Right down on the landscape.

UPI

the Soviet land mass; it must be able to fly far above the possibility of interception—out on the fringes of space. And it must manage its lofty missions while burdened with a maximum of intricate electronic and camera gear. In an astonishing one year later, Lockheed's most expert design team delivered the U-2.

By 1956 U.S. pilots at far-flung airstrips—England, Japan, Turkey, Alaska—began to see the strange, gliderlike jet come and go on its errands. But details of its mission and its performance were hard to

come by. Whenever a U-2 landed, military police swarmed around it. Its pilots were civilians, and when an airman would nudge up close at the officers' club bar to swap plane lore, the U-2 pilot would smile and move along.

Inevitably, though, there were a few crashes, and, inevitably, word got around. In 1957 the Pentagon officially acknowledged the U-2, described it as a high-altitude, single-engined weather research plane—which it surely is. But the public rarely got a look at it. Then one day last September members of a Japanese glider club were shooting landings at a light-plane strip 40 miles southwest of Tokyo. In midafternoon a black jet, its engine dead, wobbled down on the strip.

Fifteen minutes later a U.S. Navy helicopter arrived, disgorged a squad of Americans in civilian clothes. For the first time the pilot opened his canopy, called, "I'm O.K.," and climbed out. The Japanese noted that he carried a pistol at his waist, that his flight suit bore no markings. Moments later more U.S. civilians arrived, drew pistols and ordered the Japanese away from the plane. But not before Eiichi Sekigawa, editor of Tokyo's *Air Views*, got a meticulous description.

**Last Inch.** The tapered, square-tipped wings, reaching for 45 ft. to either side of a slim 40-ft. fuselage, gave the U-2 the look of a high-performance sailplane. They suggest a range far beyond that circumscribed by the fuel supply. Editor Sekigawa, a glider pilot himself, speculated that the U-2 was built to climb under its own power, soar with its engine cut, for long, valuable miles in the thin upper atmosphere. Its Pratt & Whitney J57 turbojet engine could kick it along at speeds just under the speed of sound, and its light frame could almost surely be coaxed to altitudes close to 100,000 ft.

Everything about the U-2 seemed tailored to obtain the last inch of range, the



PILOT POWERS  
Right up the spine.

U.S. Air Force

last moment of endurance. The thin straight wings were a model of aerodynamic cleanliness; the raked, razorlike tail added a minimum of drag. Even the landing gear was pared to the final ounce. Light bicycle-type main wheels were aided by wing-tip wheels that were dropped immediately after take-off. Between gliding and plain powered flight, Sekigawa guessed that the U-2 could stay aloft as long as nine hours on a single trip.

"Undoubtedly the plane's activity is largely weather reconnaissance," wrote Sekigawa. "Still it would be idle to think it is not being used for other reconnaissance while it goes about researching air conditions. Otherwise, why was it necessary to threaten Japanese with guns to get them away from the crippled plane? And why did the plane have no identification marks? Why did the pilot have no identifying marks on his clothes?"

**Plane-Happy.** Editor Sekigawa guessed more than most brass in Washington. Once the U-2 was test-flown, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) set up a pilot training unit ostensibly under control of Lockheed—but most of Lockheed's top officials made it a point to know very little about it. Everything was turned over to Vice President Clarence L. ("Kelly") Johnson, who is in charge of Advanced Development Projects. The training unit recruited select U.S. pilots, and presumably they were drilled in the same rigorous survival training as Strategic Air Command pilots. Presumably they got long special training in high-altitude work.

In 1956 Lockheed recruited Air Force 1st Lieut. Francis Powers, Powers was a plane-happy youngster born in the Cumberland mountain country in Kentucky, near the Virginia border. His father, Oliver Powers, 55, who owns a shoe-repair shop in Norton, Va., revelled in telling callers last week that Francis got his first plane ride at the age of 14, came back to announce: "I left my heart up there, Pap, and I'm goin' back to git it."

On the way to git it, Francis Powers finished high school in Grundy, Va., got a B.A. at Milligan College in Tennessee, and enlisted in the Air Force. In 1951 he was accepted for aviation cadet training, got his wings a year later. But even during the Korean war, when he was a full-fledged jet fighter pilot, Powers never saw service overseas. The Air Force did not seem to hold enough excitement for him, and in 1956 he resigned "to seek employment with civilian industry."

That employment meant the U-2 program at Lockheed. It meant the rigorous training of a modern-day espionage intelligence agent who had first of all to be a fine pilot, whose intricate instruments would do the actual work for him. Powers learned the tight-lipped, laconic line of the secret agent. After he and his wife moved to Turkey, he convinced his parents that he was doing only weather work, that he never flew closer than 100 miles to the borders of Russia, that life in Adana was long repetitious periods of boredom between infrequent flights.

**Grim Gamesmanship.** U.S. intelligence officers believe that the Russians have long known of U-2 surveillance flights. But the U-2, flying at least as high as 80,000 ft., was beyond the reach of their antiaircraft weapons. To have accused the U.S. of overflights would have been to admit an inability to defend the country against U.S. planes. Whether Khrushchev indeed got himself an accurate new anti-aircraft rocket, or whether—as first U.S. stories had it—Pilot Powers came dangerously low with trouble in his oxygen system, the U.S., at week's end, did not know. In any event the bagging of a U-2 was a moment that Russia's bosses had long looked forward to, and Khrushchev understandably made the most of it.



LOCKHEED'S KELLY JOHNSON  
Part of the line of defense.

In the grim gamesmanship of the cold war, Khrushchev scored the U-2 missions as omens of aggression. But as long as U.S. forces need to seek out the sources of possible attack, such flights will continue. Until improved reconnaissance satellites swing into orbit, bold pilots will continue their crossing of a hostile continent. The oxygen mask will continue to put a new face on the secret agent of tradition, marking his release from the hole-and-corner, back-alley deals of history.

The State Department's blunt admission that it was engaged in aerial intelligence may have surprised sophisticates who felt the U.S. would never admit such activity. It may have shocked the innocent who were sure the U.S. would never indulge. But at this late hour of the nuclear age, it is inconceivable that any reasonable government would not accept all risks in the race for such military intelligence. The chance of exposure may be great, but the risk involved in not trying is far greater: the probable penalty would be more than mere embarrassment.

## THE ATOM Peaceable Explosions

Amid the excitement about the U-2, Presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty read to newsmen an announcement that, against the background of rumblings in Moscow, sounded deliberately provocative. President Eisenhower, said the announcement, had approved a massive boost, from \$10 million to \$66 million, in funds for Project Vela, a program of research on detection of underground nuclear tests—and Vela would include, "where necessary, nuclear explosions." Largely because of the awkward timing, the word buzzed far and wide that the President, in reaction to the shooting down of the U-2 and Nikita Khrushchev's tough talk, had decided to resume nuclear tests—suspended in October 1958—as a measure of national preparedness.

But Ike's decision was a logical outgrowth of the East-West negotiations on banning nuclear tests. With U.S. experts disagreeing among themselves about detection of underground nuclear tests, the U.S. had repeatedly made clear that 1) it could not enter into an agreement to ban underground tests without further research on methods of detection, and 2) this research, to be reliable, would have to include actual nuclear explosions, not just conventional explosions.

At the U.S.-British-Russian test-ban conference in Geneva early last week, Soviet Delegate Semyon K. Tsarapkin, on instructions from Moscow, unexpectedly dropped his longtime insistence that any East-West program of research on underground test detection would have to be carried out solely with conventional explosives, agreed to include a "strictly limited number" of nuclear explosions. Viewed in the light of Tsarapkin's concession and the previous history of the test-ban negotiations, Project Vela seemed entirely peaceable.

## FOREIGN RELATIONS *Cleopatra's Needle*

In its patient diplomatic efforts to keep lids on a dozen potential volcanoes in the Arab world, the U.S. has to walk with care along the mountainous hatreds between the Arab nations and Israel. If U.S. diplomacy is offended in principle by the fact that Egypt's Dictator Gamal Abdel Nasser bars the Suez Canal to all Israeli shipping and blacklists all ships that traffic in Israeli ports, in private it thinks first about all those Arab volcanoes spouting at the same time. Last week the State Department found the whole delicately balanced U.S. position in the Middle East jeopardized by two self-appointed groups of mountain movers:

¶ For 24 days the Egyptian passenger-freighter *Cleopatra* has been dockbound in Manhattan, immobilized and unloaded because of a picket line thrown up by the Seafarers International Union (TIME, May 9). The union complained that Nasser's discrimination against ships touching at Israeli ports was, in effect, unfair to U.S.

labor. No one questioned the legitimacy of the seamen's grievances, but Nasser angrily retaliated by declaring a counter-boycott of all U.S. shipping. The trouble spread quickly to other Moslem nations, including such carefully cultivated friends of the U.S. as Tunisia and Libya. The enraged Arab nations cut off radio communication with American ships, threatened to extend their boycotts to commercial air traffic.

¶ In the Senate, an anti-Arab amendment to the \$4,175,000,000 foreign aid bill—already passed by the House—made diplomats shudder. Written by Illinois' liberal, pro-Israel Democrat Paul Douglas and endorsed by a gaggle of well-meaning Eastern Senators, the amendment would give President Eisenhower the power, but not the obligation, to withhold all mutual security funds from the United Arab Republic until the Suez Canal would again be open to Israeli shipping. The amendment posed no real threat to mutual security funds or to peace in the Middle East, but it was a sharp needle in the side of Arab nationalism and pride.

In the double crisis, the State Department moved rapidly. Acting Secretary Douglas Dillon wrote a letter to the Senate, pointing out the amendment's "harmful repercussions on U.S. interests in a wide area of the Middle East" and urging the Senate to scuttle it. Arkansas' J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, damned the amendment as nothing more than a Zionist pressure group's meddling in U.S. foreign policy—a charge that was indignantly denied by New York's Kenneth Keating, a sponsor of the amendment, who protested that "our motives are pure." The Senate refused to drop the amendment, passed it, along with the entire foreign aid authorization bill, 60 to 25.

Having lost one battle, the Administration won the second. Labor Secretary James Mitchell lunched with the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s President George Meany and failed to convince him that the U.S. foreign policy was more important than the grievances of his seafarers. But after Meany's able legal counsel, Arthur Goldberg, discussed the situation for two days with Dillon and Mitchell, Meany was persuaded to relent. The State Department agreed to investigate the complaints of the Seafarers Union and to "do what it can" to end the anti-Israel blockade. Picketing of the *Cleopatra* ended and the Arab counter-boycott was called off. Truce, if not outright peace, returned to the troubled waterfronts of the world.

## THE ADMINISTRATION Medicare

"I'm against this," said the President to his advisers, "but Dick is going to have to live with it, and maybe we'd better have a look." That was a month ago, when the hot election-year winds began to fan the long-smoldering campaign for federal medical aid for the aged. Since then, under Vice President Richard Nixon's direction, the Administration has

been hurriedly putting together a medical-aid program to compete with the highly publicized Democratic Forand bill (TME, May 9), which calls for compulsory old-age medical insurance hitched to increases in the social security tax. Last week Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Arthur Flemming displayed a package neatly tagged "Medicare," which, when unwrapped, looked as much like Pandora's box as the Forand bill—if for different reasons.

Medicare met the President's two basic objections to Democratic programs: 1) it was a voluntary system, not compulsory, and 2) it put the responsibility for administration on the states and not on the social security system. It is designed to cover all persons over 65 with incomes

more socialistic and more unsound than the Forand bill." Quipped another Democrat: "This plan calls for everything except prenatal care for persons over 65." Chairman Wilbur Mills, an Arkansas Democrat who has long supported Ike's crusades for a balanced budget, was boiling mad. So, privately, were the Administration's Treasury and Budget watchdogs ("pure politics"), who had been overruled in the intramural debate.

Some congressional Republicans, caught in the Administration's policy turn-around, said noncommittally that Medicare "deserved study." House G.O.P. Leader and Budget Crusader Charlie Halleck admitted sadly that it was a "budget buster." Arizona's Barry Goldwater raised the cry of "socialized medicine," called the plan



CHAIRMAN MILLS & SECRETARY FLEMMING  
Damned from the left and the right and the middle.

below \$2,500 for an individual or \$3,800 for a married couple. Each member pays an annual \$24 enrollment fee. An individual would pay the first \$250 (\$400 for a man and wife) of each year's medical bills. After that, Medicare would pay 80% of these services annually: 180 days of hospital care; 365 days of home care; required surgery; up to \$200 for laboratory and X ray; physicians' and dentists' care; up to \$350 worth of prescribed drugs; private nurses and physical-restoration treatment. Aged people on state or local relief would get all this care at no cost.

Surprised by coverage more sweeping than the Forand bill, members of the House Ways & Means Committee asked what Medicare would cost. Secretary Flemming's guesstimate: \$1.2 billion annually, split fifty-fifty by federal and state governments. What would it cost by 1970? Flemming shrugged, said his staff was still calculating. "This is the worst kind of fiscal irresponsibility," cried Virginia Democrat Burr Harrison. "This Townsend Plan-Rube Goldberg scheme is

part of a "dime-store New Deal." The American Medical Association damned it from the one side as unnecessary, while the A.F.L.-C.I.O.—which has led the political crusade for the Forand bill—damned it from the other as political. New Jersey's Democratic Governor Robert Meyner called it "absolutely stupid," and New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller said that the states would have a hard time ever making it work. Medicare neatly defused the political bomb contained in the Forand bill. But all those who had an interest in a sound program hoped that Congress would not try to put together a slapdash measure from a number of different plans, but would wait until after the election.

## THE CONGRESS The Myopic Forward Look

Almost every politician in Washington last week qualified, in a strictly myopic sense, as a "forward-looking." All eyes were fixed on the coming presidential campaign, to the neglect of a pile of pressing U.S.

problems. In Congress, with two-thirds of the session already frittered away, Republicans and Democrats scarcely pretended to legislate, turned earnestly instead to making issues and polishing images for election-year politicking. After thrusting forward its hastily contrived, budget-busting alternative to the Democrats' plan for medical care of the aged, the Administration saw its compassion for ailing oldsters overshadowed by the Democratic Congress' sympathy for sick cities and counties.

In a pair of tart messages, President Eisenhower prodded Congress to pass intact his \$4.2 billion foreign-aid request (a House-Senate conference committee authorized a \$4.1 billion ceiling; still ahead was the appropriation wrangle), to heed a string of top-priority problems ranging from the Treasury interest ceiling to the appalling farm mess. "We still have

of workers whose jobs have disappeared. (In contrast, the Administration bill would lend \$50 million, grant \$3,000,000 to revive distressed areas.)

Under a rarely invoked "calendar Wednesday" rule, the Democratic bill was rushed to the floor by Massachusetts' John McCormack, House Democratic leader, was pushed to passage in the necessary single legislative day despite eleven roll calls demanded by Southerners and Republicans trying to delay action. The bill passed, 201 to 184—a comfortable margin but far short of the two-thirds majority (of those present and voting) that would be needed to override Ike's certain veto.

When the depressed-areas bill got to the Senate, Democrats invoked the sure-fire election-year argument of aid to the needy at home v. handouts abroad. Presidential Candidate Lyndon Johnson, the

soned that it would be better to pass no bill and let Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson harvest some more blame for farm discontent. But word has drifted back from the farm belt that Democrats may well be blamed if they do not pass a bill. Probable next move: drafting of a farm bill as unreasonable—by Ike's terms—as possible, to ensure an Eisenhower veto and Democratic credit for a big try.

## REPUBLICANS

### Against the Field

At a casual glance, Vice President Richard Nixon seemed to be a man enviably in command of his own immediate political situation. He was the unchallenged contender for the Republican presidential nomination, with the blessing of the man he hopes to succeed in the White House. No doubtful primary elections impeded his path of progress toward the Republican National Convention in July; no serious rivals for his party's top honor stood in his way. But last week, twelve weeks before the convention, Dick Nixon's command of the situation was a questionable honor: it left him fighting almost single-handed against the combined offensives of all the Democrats, and fighting at the same time to keep some good order and discipline in a Republican Party restive over inactivity and increasingly gloomy over congressional prospects.

**Image.** Nixon's first job, as he saw it, was to keep alive the image of the responsible leader, while the Democrats were grabbing most of the headlines in primary campaigns. His technique: a series of calculated, noncontroversial public appearances before as many people as possible. Early last week he turned up to talk about the spirit of freedom and independence before a gigantic Polish-American picnic in Chicago. He hopped back to Washington to preside over the Senate. Then he was off to work his way through the vast U.S. World Trade Fair in Manhattan's Coliseum, where he could hardly see the exhibits for the swarm of reporters and photographers that buzzed around him.

More difficult is Nixon's job of staking out a program that is different from Eisenhower's, without doing damage to the Administration's record. Nixon's solution: the timeless Washington device known as the calculated news leak. Thus a steady stream of stories trickled into the nation's press, attributing Nixon's views to "high authorities," "Nixon spokesmen," or "well-informed circles." Thus the U.S. learns that Nixon intends to speak out on his own after the nomination, that he considers Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson a political liability, that he has played a major role in getting the Administration to revise itself on old-age medical-assistance programs.

**Party.** As the potential leader of the Republican Party, Nixon has to worry about the political welfare of every other Republican candidate. A Gallup poll last week showed that, as of now, 60% of the



Art Shay

THE NIXONS CAMPAIGNING IN CHICAGO  
Largely a personal battle.

a great deal to get done for America," said he. But Democratic congressional leaders, forewarned fortnight ago of Ike's determination to veto big-spending bills, went right ahead setting up fat targets.

**Raid on Aid.** None was fatter than the \$251 million depressed-areas bill locked up in the House Rules Committee for more than a year. With a magic appeal to both urban and farm areas, the Democratic bill provides for loans and grants to areas of chronic unemployment (so broadly defined, say Republicans, that New York City could qualify), to be dispensed by a U.S. Area Redevelopment Administration. Two revolving funds of \$75 million each would furnish loans to spur industry in urban and rural areas; \$50 million in loans would be available for construction of public facilities; direct grants (gifts) of \$35 million would support a miniature WPA building program; \$14.5 million is earmarked for technical assistance to communities and retraining

bipartisan good shepherd of mutual-security requests over the years, spoke sharply of the Administration's "double standard" in aid giving. Illinois' white-haired Paul Douglas, up for election and therefore sounding oddly like the influential Chicago Tribune, hefted a book of aid-appropriation requests weighing 6 lbs., called for charity at home to match the "billions upon billions of dollars" sent overseas. Candidates Jack Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey dashed to Washington from hard-pressed West Virginia, added their votes to the 45 to 32 majority by which the depressed-areas bill passed the Senate.

**Unreason Season.** The farm problem promised to provide a veto target as big as a barn door. In February the President gave up trying to draft a bill to bring some order into the ever-growing mess of farm subsidies and surpluses, challenged the Democratic Congress to pass a reasonable bill on its own. The Democrats rea-



electorate favored Democratic congressional candidates, with only 40% planning to vote for Republicans—the lowest congressional score ever polled by the G.O.P. Nixon must seek every means to corral the party's strays, reconcile its wide-ranging factions (from New York's liberal Jack Javits to Arizona's conservative Barry Goldwater), and mold the G.O.P. into a strong, united political force. Nixon's most notable recent moves in this direction have been his indirect overtures to New York's standoffish Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who is a favorite of wavering independents and has considerable influence in pivotal (45 electoral votes) New York State. In New York last week, Nixon took public note of his private hopes of interesting Governor Rockefeller in the vice-presidential nomination. Said Nixon: "A number of party leaders, Republican leaders, believe that Governor Rockefeller . . . would add strength to the ticket." But, he added, he did not blame Rockefeller, who withdrew last fall as a candidate for the G.O.P. presidential nomination, for showing no immediate interest. Snapped Rockefeller firmly: "I will not be a candidate for Vice President under any circumstances, no matter who asks me."

**Results.** Considering the unique nature of his battles, Nixon's fight has gone well. He has refused to campaign in primaries, yet last month all but equaled President Eisenhower's 1956 victories in Illinois and Pennsylvania. And last week in Indiana he did it again—winning 401,000 primary votes, or 50,000 more than Ike's high-water mark four years earlier, and 50,000 more than the tally for Democrat Jack Kennedy, who had made a dozen-odd campaign speeches in Indiana and was the only serious Democrat entered.

The increase in Nixon's personal strength as shown by primary votes, and the apparent rise in Democratic congressional power as shown by the polls, indicated that the election of 1960 would not so much be one of opposing candidates or opposing parties, but would pit Candidate Richard Nixon against the Democratic Party.

## CALIFORNIA

### The Ninth Date

Moments after the deathly pale figure moved for the last time, his head slumped on his chest, one of the associate wardens broke the silence in San Quentin's execution witness room, announced firmly: "That's all, gentlemen."

The 60 witnesses, two-thirds of them newsmen, filed out to report that Caryl Chessman, sentenced to die twelve years ago for kidnapping for robbery with bodily harm, had kept his ninth appointment in San Quentin's gas chamber.

In the U.S., where Chessman's long battle of appeals was generally viewed as an unprecedented testing of the patience of justice, there was little emotional reaction. Abroad, he was still the symbol of the crusade against capital punishment. In Lisbon, demonstrators hurled rocks,

broke windows in the U.S. embassy. Elsewhere in the city, white-collar workers donned black ties of protest. In Montevideo, Uruguay, a crowd of 100 students gathered outside the U.S. embassy shouting "Murderers," "Assassins," and shaking fists at embassy aides who looked out windows. In Pretoria, South Africa, university students marched to the U.S. embassy, raised a banner reading "American Justice Is Corrupt" (executions for capital crimes in South Africa totaled 70 in 1958). Britain's Manchester *Guardian* termed the execution an outrage "because capital punishment itself is an outrage, not because of the special circumstances of the Chessman case."

### More Schools, Less Smog

"I don't want to have everyone get the idea I'm a one-issue guy," said California's Democratic Governor Edmund ("Pat") Brown last week. "My administration has made a good record and I want the people to know about it."

The "one issue" was his abortive attempt to get an anti-capital-punishment bill through the legislature on the strength of the Chessman case (*TIME*, March 21). With that slapped down and well behind him, Pat Brown set about selling his record by pen, handshake and after-dinner speech. And he could tick off some notable legislative achievements designed to keep king-size California abreast of the times. Items:

¶ A massive higher-education master plan to guide and control expansion of the 15 state-supported colleges and the University of California, whose combined enrollment (presently 200,000) has quadrupled in the past 15 years, is due to double in the next 15. Calling for a billion dollars' worth of building over the next ten years, the plan creates a 21-member state college board to control appointments, salaries, etc., in the state colleges, a separate system supplementing the eight-campus University of California.

¶ A \$300 million school-construction

bond issue (on the ballot in next month's primary); a measure increasing from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000 the monthly limit for allocating state bond funds to local school districts for classroom construction.

¶ A strong smog-control bill, aimed at smog-choked Los Angeles, requiring that cars in California be fitted with suppressors to cut down on engine hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide. Progress will be slow: first the state has to approve a suppressor design; then motorists have to get the smog-stopper installed.

¶ A balanced budget of \$2.4 billion. The legislature raised Brown's recommended 5% salary increase for 115,000 state employees to 6%, but the Governor (who has an item veto on figures) knocked it back down to size by clipping \$4,910,000 from the appropriation.

## RACES

### On the Beach

With the coming of the South's sultry summer, Negroes intend to turn the heat on a new front in their campaign against segregation. Sit-ins at segregated lunch counters will give way to "wade-ins" at segregated public beaches. "Negroes get hot just like white people do," said the N.A.A.C.P.'s Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins in announcing the new tactic last week. "They like to swim to cool off, and intend to do it this summer."

Mississippi Negroes stuck a tentative toe into white waters fortnight ago on Biloxi's sun-drenched beach along the Gulf of Mexico. Led by Dr. Gilbert Mason, 31, Biloxi's only practicing Negro physician, 80 Negro men, women and children waded into the gulf, were driven off by a gang of club-wielding, chain-swinging whites. The Negroes have not been back. The new wade-in assault, said Wilkins, will aim at segregated, tax-supported beaches and parks in eleven states along a 2,000-mile coastline curving from Cape May, N.J. to Brownsville, Texas.



GOVERNOR BROWN & CHESMAN PICKETS  
There are other issues.

UPI



OLD SOLDIER EISENHOWER & PERSHING MISSILE AT FORT BENNING  
A show for the money.

## ARMED FORCES

### Brave New Weapons

Beamingly happy to be back among soldiers, Dwight Eisenhower spent a day at the Fort Benning, Ga. Army Infantry Center last week, watching a demonstration of new Army weapons and equipment undreamed of when he was Allied Supreme Commander in Europe during World War II. Most impressive:

¶ The Davy Crockett tactical nuclear weapon, a sort of mortar that fires an atomic shell roughly 5 in. in diameter, with a punch enormously greater than the biggest conventional artillery shell ever fired. The Jeep-mounted version is fired by two men, has a range of five miles; the lighter, three-mile version is carried and fired by three soldiers on foot. The House Appropriations Committee was so impressed with the Davy Crockett that it voted funds for an extra 6,000 in addition to the number (secret) already provided for in the Administration budget.

¶ The self-propelled 8-in. gun, weighing only 27 tons, but packing a mighty nuclear wallop.

¶ The M-60 tank, with a British-made, 105-mm. gun instead of the M-48 tank's 90-mm. gun. Running on diesel fuel instead of gasoline, the M-60 can travel 250 miles without refueling, as compared with the M-48's 160 miles. Because it uses aluminum fuel tanks, wheels and other parts, the 51-ton M-60 is actually lighter than the M-48, although the engine and fuel system are heavier. The Army has 360 of the new tanks on order (from Chrysler Corp.), and the 1961 budget provides for an additional 720.

¶ The Pershing solid-fuel ballistic missile, with a range of more than 300 miles. Mounted on its own tracked vehicle, which serves as transporter and launcher, the Pershing is an enormous improvement

over earlier battlefield ballistic missiles, e.g., the Sergeant, which moved in three segments in three trucks, took the crew half an hour to assemble and fire.

¶ The Little John tactical missile, with a range of ten miles. It weighs less than one-seventh as much as its predecessor, Honest John (800 lbs. v. 5,800), can easily be transported by helicopter.

¶ An assault bridge that is carried in a folded position on a tracked carrier, unfolds mechanically across spans up to 600 ft. Two minutes after arriving at the river's edge, the carrier can cross on its own bridge.

¶ The phenomenally accurate SS-11 anti-tank rocket, developed and manufactured in France, with a range of more than two miles. The rocket is fired from a portable launcher, is guided to its target through a long wire it trails behind. Three times the SS-11 was fired at the Benning show, and three times it scored a direct hit on a tank more than a mile away. At the third hit, Ike pushed his hat back, grinned and exclaimed: "Holy cow!"

Army brass hoped that Dwight Eisenhower would see his way to giving the Army more money to buy the new weapons. With most of the Defense Department's procurement money going into bombers, long-range missiles, air-defense systems and nuclear submarines over the past decade, U.S. infantry hardware has remained largely unchanged since the Korean war. Alone among major powers, the U.S. still equips troops with a World War II rifle, the M-1; only lately have infantry units begun to get a trickle of new M-14 rifles with the standard NATO 7.62-mm. caliber. Last week the House added an extra \$208 million for new Army equipment to the \$1.3 billion listed for Army procurement in the Administration's new budget—but that \$208 million falls far short of what the Army wants.

## MANNERS & MORALS

### Life with Father (Who Drinks)

The slight, freckle-faced girl, aged 15, her cheeks reddening with embarrassment, swallowed and asked quietly: "What if someone comes home, and he starts tearing things up and kicking you around? What do you do?" Her thinly veiled hypothetical question, raised last week at a meeting in the basement of a Fort Worth church, was a stranger's standard approach. But to the 14 other teen-agers on hand it proved conclusively that the shy questioner shared with them a familiar and shattering problem: alcoholic parents.

The small Fort Worth group, which has been meeting weekly since last November, is typical in membership, questions and answers of one of the least-known but fastest-growing teen-age organizations in the U.S. It is called Alateen. Founded in 1957 in Pasadena, Calif. by the high-school-aged son of an alcoholic, Alateen now numbers 65 chapters in the U.S., three in Canada, two in Australia; 50 more are being organized in the U.S. Membership in each group averages ten boys and girls whose adolescence is scarred, often literally, by an alcoholic parent. The youngsters range from 12 to 20, operate under the general guidance of Al-Anon, an older and larger offshoot for adults (wives, friends and relatives) of Alcoholics Anonymous. Like Al-Anon and AA, the teen-agers address each other by first names only, promise not to reveal one another's participation.

Once the ice was broken at the Fort Worth session, the answers to the visitor's "What do you do?" came fast and even flippantly:

"You leave," said one youth.

"We can't reason with this individual when he's drunk. I'd go to the farthest corner of the house. Just try to get out of the way," counseled another.

"Don't lock yourself in the bathroom," cautioned a third. "That's the worst place."

"Yeah," piped up a bobby-soxer, "they'll break the door down." Her remark produced a burst of laughter.

The layer of laughter, on a grim foundation, was an uninhibited, spontaneous measure of the extent to which Alateens learn to live with their special set of problems. They share advice on such crises as what to tell a date who shows up when Dad has been taken drunk in the living room. Answer: explain later to the date that father is an alcoholic and a sick person. Through discussions, lectures and films, they explore the broader problem of alcoholism. But their study is not aimed at helping them to help a drinking parent to reform or even find his way to AA. That is a job for the alcoholic himself. Alateens seek an understanding of the problem and a way to live with it. "When it works," explained a Fort Worth adult counselor, "they quit trying to change the things they can't change, quit trying to make their daddies stop drinking, quit fussing and feeling sorry for themselves."

# FOREIGN NEWS

## RUSSIA

### New Line & Rough

Outside the tall arched windows of the Great Kremlin Hall, rain squalls chased the spring sunbeams across Moscow's sky. Inside, the 1,378 members of what passes for the Soviet Union's parliament sat tense and expectant at long rows of neat desks. Diplomats, newsmen, and a delegation from Ghana stared down from packed galleries. At the tribune hunched the familiar, round, shiny-pated figure of Nikita Khrushchev. His voice was strident and bitter. Gone was the bland old bluster about "peace and friendship," as the Soviet boss, in we-will-bury-you language, denounced the U.S. for sending a plane over Russia (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) in "an aggressive provocation aimed at wrecking the summit conference."

It was his most ferocious attack on the West since he demanded allied withdrawal from Berlin 18 months ago. Khrushchev made clear that the U-2 "banditry" was not the only thing that bothered him. He also cited recent speeches by such U.S. leaders as Secretary of State Herter, Under Secretary of State Dillon and Vice President Nixon. All, growled Khrushchev, were "a bad sign" for the summit. What seemed to rankle most of all was Dillon's speech, which charged bluntly that East Berliners "are constrained to live under a totalitarian regime, unlawfully imposed by a foreign power," and warned that in pressing for allied concessions, Khrushchev was skating on thin ice. "If we must speak of thin ice," thundered Khrushchev, "then look, Mr. Dillon, what you are standing on. Unfortunately, these speeches have been approved by the President of the United States. This makes things worse."

**Keep Out of the Kitchen.** Khrushchev seemed especially angry that President

Eisenhower had said that he could stay no more than seven days at the summit and had suggested that if it lasted longer, Vice President Nixon should replace him. Evidently still smarting from his unscheduled debate with Nixon at the U.S. fair in Moscow last summer, Khrushchev rumbled: "It is hard for me to shake the impression that the last thing Nixon has in mind is to reach agreement on outstanding questions, liquidate the conditions of tension, and stop the arms race." Sending him to the summit, added Khrushchev, drawing on his ghostwriters' stock of Russian parables, is like "leaving the cabbage to the care of the goat."

Why had Khrushchev turned truculent? Best guess was that Khrushchev had concluded that the West was not to be smiled into concessions. When he dropped the time limit on his Berlin proposals and proposed the summit talks, he may have hoped the West would prove willing to yield a point or two. But the solidarity displayed by the West as the summit approached made it evident that the West was not to be bamboozled into damaging concessions just for the sake of easing a crisis that Khrushchev had created in the first place. His soft talk was getting him nowhere, and there were powerful forces in the Communist bloc that had always preferred talking tough.

**Keep Out of the Air.** Khrushchev launched on his new line three weeks ago. In a bombastic speech at Baku, he warned that if he signed a separate peace treaty with East Germany, the Western allies "will naturally not be able to reach Berlin by land, water or air," and if they try to use force for the purpose, "this force will be opposed by force from the other side, based on law and right."

Khrushchev's move was also simple tactics. In recent weeks, Western leaders had seemed to take him too much for

granted. Official leaks spoke of Khrushchev's "need" to be conciliatory at the summit because of public pressure at home, or because he had staked his prestige in the Communist camp on making "peaceful coexistence" a success. By seizing on the U-2 incident, he apparently hoped to turn the tables and bring the U.S. to the conference table at what he thought would be a disadvantage.

The switch pleased the Communist critics of Khrushchev's peaceful-coexistence line. SOVIET ROCKET PROTECTS PEACE, blared the Chinese Communist publication *Tu Kung Pao's* enthusiastic headline last week. It also served to refute the charge that he had become "soft on democracy." Even domestically, it could serve a purpose. If Russia's Ivans were wondering why Khrushchev's vaunted prosperity was not paying off as handsomely in comfort and amenities as they had been led to believe, this was an excuse of sorts: the money was going to protect Mother Russia against wicked imperialists.

But Khrushchev was making the most of catching the U.S. in an embarrassing spot. With typical peasant crudity, he snapped: "The foreign press is saying Khrushchev is only trying to torpedo the summit. My answer is: You and your masters are accustomed to calling a stench perfume. It is your excrement. So smell it."

### Three New Bosses

The week also brought the biggest Soviet communist shuffle since Khrushchev threw Molotov and Malenkov out of the top leadership three years ago. Handsome, wavy-haired Frol Kozlov, 51, whose flying trip to Washington paved the way for Khrushchev's visit to the U.S. last year, gave up his post as First Deputy Premier to become one of Khrushchev's top party aides. Early last year Khrushchev told



KOZLOV

Walter Bennett



Herblock—© 1960, The Washington Post Co.  
WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT OLD "PEACE PIPE"?  
For whose cabbage, what goats?



KOSYGIN

Charpentier—L'Express



Averell Harriman in Moscow that he regarded Kozlov as his successor. But Aleksei Kosygin, 56, named First Deputy Premier last week in Kozlov's place, has since won equal apostolic blessing for his work as head of Khrushchev's seven-year-plan. On tour in France last month, Khrushchev several times pointed to Planner Kosygin as "my successor."

In the shake-up, a famous Old Bolshevik faded away. Pleading ill health, Marshal Kliment Voroshilov, 79, resigned as head of state at the Supreme Soviet's closing session. Premier Khrushchev praised and decorated Stalin's old companion-in-arms, then kissed him on both cheeks. But the aged President had been on the wrong side of the 1957 leadership fight, and Khrushchev had not forgotten.

As new President of the Soviet Union, he nominated (and the Supreme Soviet promptly approved) swarthy, bushy-browed, dynamic Leonid Brezhnev, 53. Like Kozlov and Kosygin, Brezhnev belongs to the new generation of Soviet men, reared among machines rather than revolution, trained in industry, agriculture and politics. He got his start working under Khrushchev in the Ukraine, moved to Kazakhstan to launch Khrushchev's pet "virgin lands" scheme, and only this year made his first trip beyond the Iron Curtain to speak at a Finnish Communist Party Congress. Since he still is a top Party Secretary, Brezhnev may fill the hitherto largely ceremonial office of President with greater power and authority.

## COMMUNISTS

### Death in the Afternoon

On a summer afternoon in 1940, a gaunt young man entered the suburban Mexico City villa of Leon Trotsky, and asked for criticism of a manuscript. Trotsky invited him into his study, where the young man smashed an Alpine pickax down on



TROTSKY ASSASSIN MORNARD

Going to his reward or to elimination?



Cummings—London Daily Express  
"Ah, gentlemen! I, too, know how it is to be at the wrong end of apartheid!"

Trotsky's skull. The dying man's screams brought two bodyguards on the run; they knocked the assassin down, kicked him nearly unconscious. Cried Trotsky: "Don't kill him. This man has a story to tell."

Last week the assassin went free, his story still untold. During his trial he insisted that his name was Jacques Mornard, and claimed to be a Belgian Communist who had supported Trotsky in his bitter feud with Stalin. Why, then, had he killed him? Because he had become disillusioned with his onetime idol. Sentenced to 20 years, the prisoner clung stubbornly to his story, even though Mexican authorities were able to prove he was actually a Spaniard named Ramón Mercader, a convinced Communist who fought on the Loyalists' side in the Spanish Civil War, was later enrolled in the Soviet NKVD, and eventually reached Mexico on the passport of a Canadian who had been killed in Spain while fighting with the International Brigade.

Mercader proved a model prisoner, was soon managing the prison radio shop and teaching illiterate prisoners to read and write. Some mysterious source kept him well supplied with money and under Mexico's lenient laws, he enjoyed such comforts as books, special food, carpets on his cell floor, and the weekly visits of his common-law wife, a nightclub entertainer named Rogelia Mendoza. Last week, some three months before his term expired, Mercader was hustled out of prison and aboard an airliner to Cuba, a procedure that enabled the Mexican government to get rid of an undesirable character and also to avoid demonstrations. The final proof, if any were needed, that Mercader—now greying, beefy and 46—had always been a Stalinist agent was supplied by his traveling companions: two husky "diplomats" from Communist Czechoslovakia.

At week's end Mercader vanished from Cuba, was presumably enroute for Czechoslovakia. Still living in the Mexico City villa where her husband was brutally murdered, Widow Natalia Trotsky, 80, said softly: "Mornard is now going to his reward—or his elimination."

## THE COMMONWEALTH The Lengthening Shadow

For British politicians it has long been a cardinal principle of after-dinner oratory to throw in at least one glowing reference to the intangible strength of the Commonwealth, a globe-girdling club whose members are allegedly linked by spiritual bonds so powerful that they do not need to encumber themselves with rules or bylaws. But last week, as the leaders of ten nations assembled in London for the ninth Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference since World War II (see cut), the ties that bind the Commonwealth were under greater strain than ever before. Said India's Nehru bluntly: "Whether or not it is mentioned in polite society, the Commonwealth is facing difficult basic problems, and some people begin to doubt whether the Commonwealth is becoming too vague to be identified as anything at all."

Foremost among the problems Nehru had in mind was the recent near-revolt of South Africa's blacks against apartheid. With Nigeria and Sierra Leone slated for early independence, this may be the last Commonwealth meeting at which there are as many white Prime Ministers as colored. The leaders of the Commonwealth's Asian and African nations, resplendent in *achkans* and bright-colored togas, had come to London determined to register their distaste for apartheid. "The eyes of the world are on the conference," said Ghana's Nkrumah. "I will not be silent on the issue."

The Impenitent. Britain's Harold Macmillan moved skillfully to avoid formal public condemnation of South Africa. Before the conference sessions began, he invited his Commonwealth colleagues to a weekend at Chequers, country home of Britain's Prime Ministers. In a series of tête-à-tête he won agreement to avoid open discussion of South Africa's problems at the conference's plenary meetings; in return, South African External Affairs Minister Eric Louw, substituting for recuperating Prime Minister



Hendrik Verwoerd, agreed to discuss the matter with other Commonwealth leaders informally.

But within two days Macmillan's carefully wrought compromise shattered on the intransigent arrogance of Eric Louw. Calling a press conference (for white reporters only), Louw aggressively announced, "I have come to London neither as an accused nor as a penitent nor as a suppliant," and added that his government saw "no reason for any basic change" in its racial policies. That afternoon, when Louw took the same line at his promised informal meeting with the Prime Ministers, Malaya's normally genial Tengku Abdul Rahman walked out in a rage, called his own press conference to announce: "I shall invite the attention of all Asian and African countries to this impasse." Although his walkout was the first in the history of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conferences, the Tengku clearly had the sympathy of most

**The Dubious Bludgeon.** As the British first conceived it, the Outer Seven could be used as a bludgeon to force the Common Market nations to abandon their tariff discrimination against the rest of Europe. But last week, as the Outer Seven deposited the articles of ratification in Stockholm and became a formal reality, Swedish Commerce Minister Gunnar Lange glumly conceded that prospects of bringing about a wider association between the Outer Seven and the Inner Six "do not seem very bright."

Most of the Commonwealth nations show little enthusiasm for the Outer Seven. Since 80% of their exports to Europe already go to Common Market countries, they are openly interested in the possibilities of doing more business with the booming Six. And in increasing numbers British economists and editorialists argue that, even without imperial preference, a Common Market that included Britain would, in the long run, offer Common-

Western Europe. For France's De Gaulle it embodies his conviction that Europe's future greatness can only be based on a permanent alliance between France and Germany; he also dreams of French leadership of the Rhine community of nations, which lie at the heart of Europe.

But to Harold Macmillan's government, "joining Europe" and weakening the Commonwealth bond still seems a sure recipe for reducing Britain to the status of a minor power. In the eyes of most British policymakers, Britain's international influence still rests 1) on leadership of the Commonwealth, with its 630 million diverse people, and 2) on Britain's special relationship with the U.S.—which, in turn, derives partly from Commonwealth leadership.

**No Cause to Cheer.** Britain has its economic allies within the Six—notably the powerful industrialists of West Germany, who send 28% of their exports to Outer Seven countries. Acting as their



QUEEN ELIZABETH & COMMONWEALTH LEADERS\*  
For an intangible bond, tangible strains.

Britons. In a moment of irate hyperbole, London's *Daily Herald* sourly demanded: "Who wants a Commonwealth that Hitler could have belonged to?"

**A Matter of Preferences.** *Apartheid* was the most heated but not the most important business before the Commonwealth conference. In the long run, the weight that Britain and the Commonwealth would carry in international councils would be determined far more by what the London meeting did—or failed to do—about Britain's increasing estrangement from the six nations that make up the European Common Market.

British statesmen since 1955 have vehemently insisted that Britain's leadership of the Commonwealth ruled out British membership in the Common Market. If Britain joined the Common Market, the argument ran, it would have to abandon the "imperial preference" system, which allows Commonwealth nations to export many agricultural products to Britain duty-free, gives them a substantial tariff advantage even on the manufactured goods they ship to Britain. As a counter, Britain organized the European Free Trade Area—the so-called Outer Seven.

wealth nations a far better sales ground than the Outer Seven ever could.

Britain's distaste for the Common Market has roused old hostilities and rancors on the Continent, which has long been irritated at Britain's traditional "balance of power" policy designed to control Europe's destiny without sharing it, dabbling in its politics only to ensure that no power emerge to challenge the tight little isle. British leaders have been slow to recognize that the Common Market represents, beyond all economic considerations, a political reality; that, at long last, Europe's wrangling nations are drawing together in a new unity.

For West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer the Common Market is, above all, a means to the prime goal of his career: integration of Germany into

spokesman, West German Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard has long fought to moderate Common Market planning so as to prevent a trade war between the Six and the Seven. Last month, when the Common Market nations talked of starting to erect a common tariff wall next July, 18 months ahead of schedule, Erhard raised his voice in protest. Last week, his point seemingly won, Erhard announced that West Germany would urge postponement of the new tariff schedules till next January in the hope that the Common Market nations and the Outer Seven, meanwhile, could find a way of "bridging" their widening economic gap.

In London, Erhard's announcement was received as "a breath of fresh air." But Erhard had bought his "victory" at the price of accepting Adenauer's view that, in the end, the Common Market must push ahead with or without Britain. The Six have a vision of a united community of 168 million people that can stand on equal terms with the British Commonwealth.

The question that confronted Britain and the Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London was whether to oppose the New Europe—or to join it.

\* Front row, left to right: Ceylon's Justice Minister Cooray, New Zealand's Walter Nash, India's Nehru, the Queen, Canada's John Diefenbaker, Australia's Robert Menzies, South Africa's External Affairs Minister Eric Louw. Back row, left to right: Malaya's Tengku Abdul Rahman, Central Africa's Sir Roy Welensky, Britain's Macmillan, Pakistan's President Ayub Khan, Ghana's Nkrumah.



MR. & MRS. ARMSTRONG-JONES  
And where will they be when they return?

Central Press

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Destination Unknown

The blue-hulled *Britannia* knifed through the choppy swells of the English Channel. As it passed the last of the shore stations, there was a radio exchange of traditional signals. "Whither bound?" asked the shore transmitter. The yacht replied: "Destination unknown—high seas." Later that morning, under a brilliant sun, Princess Margaret, in a red sweater and skirt, and Tony Armstrong-Jones, in blue blazer and white slacks, lay back in deck chairs on a secluded sundeck. From the topmost point of the mainmast fluttered Meg's personal standard.

Despite misgivings and grumblings, the royal wedding had gone off brilliantly, watched by 2,000 spectators in Westminster Abbey, and by an estimated 300 million throughout the world on live and taped TV (see *SHOW BUSINESS*). Outside the Abbey, a quarter-million loyal Britons lined the processional route, greeting every glimpse of the royal couple with cheers, hurrahs and choruses of *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*. When Meg and Tony emerged from Buckingham Palace after the wedding breakfast, the whole royal family pelted them with confetti and rose petals. In the lead was Queen Elizabeth, who had sat glum and stony-faced through the Abbey ceremony but now flung roses as riotously as any.

As the royal yacht headed toward the Caribbean at 20 knots, Britain returned to the workaday world. No one quite knows where the couple will fit in when they return. Tony is still untitled and likely to remain so, and it is doubtful that his informal tastes are suited to the horsy, dog-loving ceremonial round of royal family life. Nor does it seem any more possible for Princess Margaret to be transformed into a citizen of Tony's former bohemian world. Meg has only half

a dozen formal dates to fill on her calendar, and it is expected that her pretty cousin, Princess Alexandra, will take on more and more of the royal duties that Margaret used to perform.

Meg's taxable income has been raised from \$16,800 to \$42,000 a year. When she returns, she will move into a modest Georgian house known as a "Grace and Favor" residence at Kensington Palace. Here, in the first home of her own she has ever known, Margaret will have to get used to such wifely chores as housekeeping and decorating. Tony is to have a darkroom and a do-it-yourself workshop in the basement, and both are expected to live quietly for a time, as befits newlyweds. Thus last week, the fairy tale ended as a fairy tale should, with the hope of all Britain that the princess and her consort will live happily ever after.

## SOUTH AFRICA

### The Other Struggle

The clash of black v. white is not the only thing that divides South Africa. The division between English and Boer is still bitter.

In its effort to stamp out British influence, South Africa's Afrikaner government has taken the Queen's face off the postage stamps, removed the wigs from the heads of Parliament officials, and renamed army regiments (the Midlands Regiment became the Gideon Schempers). But no Nationalist will be happy until a republic is declared, removing once and for all the Crown's technical sovereignty.

Last week, secure in the knowledge that Afrikaners outnumber South Africa's English-speaking citizens, the Nats rammed through legislation for a nationwide referendum on the question. But Parliament rang with the hot passions of the Boer War. Nationalist newspapers exhorted Afrikaners to contribute toward a

\$420,000 fund to carry on the republic campaign. But in Natal, the stronghold of the English-speaking population, thousands of antirepublicans flocked to Durban's electoral offices to check their registrations for the vote expected in October.

Many feared the Nationalists would pull out of the Commonwealth, destroying the economic advantages of preferential tariffs and British investment money. Others were simply apprehensive at the prospect of greater Afrikaner control that a republic would bring, along with an acceleration of Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd's harsh policy of *apartheid*. Taking heart from Verwoerd's steady recovery in a Pretoria hospital (last week doctors successfully operated to remove both of the assassin's bullets), the Afrikaners riposted by accusing the English-speakers of divided loyalties. Nationalist M.P. Dr. Carel de Wet shouted: "The real enemy of the white man is the white man."

But the Afrikaner government was no longer hoping for the two-thirds majority it had once accepted as necessary to change the constitution. A government spokesman announced it had now been decided that a simple majority would be enough. At this, Natal's Douglas Mitchell rose and shouted at the Nationalists across the aisle: "Go and be damned!" He went on to threaten that if the government won with only a small majority in the referendum, Natal might rebel and become a South African Ulster.

But Natal's threats were mostly bluster. When the time came, most Natalians and other English-speaking South Africans would accept the republic that the Nationalists almost certainly would force on the nation, referendum or no.

## AFRICA

### Two More

"Do not spend time converting me to the principle of independence. That is agreed to now without further ado." So said British Colonial Secretary Iain Macleod three weeks ago to delegates from Sierra Leone, Britain's earliest (colonized in 1787) possession on the West African coast. Last week, after notably amicable discussions, Macleod and Sierra Leone's Prime Minister Sir Milton Margai announced that come April 27, 1961, the 2,500,000 Sierra Leoneans will be free.

Though occupying an area the size of Ireland, Sierra Leone is relatively rich (diamonds, iron ore), achieved fame of a kind after Novelist Graham Greene served there as an intelligence officer during World War II, used it as a setting for *The Heart of the Matter*. As a going-away present Britain agreed to \$21 million in loans and aid. Signing the agreement, Prime Minister Margai said fervently: "We hope we shall never be in a position for Her Majesty's government to regret what we have done here. We shall ever be friends of Britain."

With much more of the air of a hastily arranged divorce, Britain last week agreed to turn loose British Somaliland as of July 1 so that it can unite with Somalia,

the Italian-administered U.N. trusteeship territory which will achieve independence or the same date. Inhabited chiefly by goats and sheep, and with no major mineral resources, Somaliland is economically almost worthless and politically one of the most backward of all British territories. Local self-government was not attempted before 1953; in its first voting last year for 13 elective seats, authorities in one district could not find any tribesman willing to become a candidate. But to hold on to the colony promised more trouble than it was worth, since its Somalis have been agitating to join French Somaliland to form a single Somali nation at the mouth of the Red Sea.

## INDIA

### Separatism Rampant

When Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru in 1953 created India's first state with linguistic boundaries, setting a precedent for the big boundary reshuffle of 1956, many Indians objected that language was not the only basis on which to establish a community of interest. They felt that Nehru risked encouraging a chain reaction of fragmentation, with different sections demanding statehood on any convenient pretext just when India most needed to find unity in its bewildering diversity.

Last week some of their apprehensions seemed about to be realized. To the sound of conch shells and church bells, India's bilingual state of Bombay was formally divided into Marathi-speaking Maharashtra, with Bombay as the capital, and Gujarati-speaking Gujarat, with Ahmedabad as its capital. Even before the noisy celebration died down, Maharashtra police in Nagpur 400 miles away were teargassing 40,000 demonstrators demanding still another state of their own—Vidarbha.

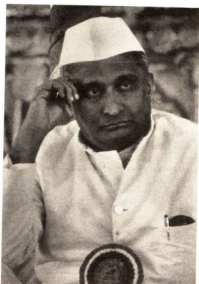
By Nehru's reasoning, the rioting Vidarbhas should have been overjoyed at being included in Maharashtra, since they speak the Marathi tongue. But Vidarbhas had another grievance. They have a thriving cotton and textile economy, fear they will be exploited in taxation and neglected in appropriations unless they can have their own state, separate from both Maharashtra and Gujarat.

At week's end few Indian officials gave Vidarbha much chance of becoming a reality, though Nehru's study commission had recognized that the section had its own identity and could probably make a self-sustaining state. But having once opened the lid of the Pandora's box of separatism, Nehru clearly faced a continuing fight getting it shut again.

### Peasant Against Famine

Food is the overwhelming problem of India. Many an Indian cabinet minister has staked his reputation on solving the food problem, and has lost. But bouncing, brawny Sadashiv Kanaji Patil, 59, is a maverick among the elite who have largely staffed the echelons of India's government since independence.

Patil is a peasant's son who has seen hunger himself. After an apprenticeship



INDIA'S PATIL

T. S. Sotyan

He knew what to do about hunger.

as a reporter, he plunged into the rough-and-tumble of Bombay politics, was the city's undisputed political boss for years before he ran for mayor and won. He had nothing in common with Brahmin aristocrats such as Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru. Three years ago, when Nehru finally named Patil to the cabinet, it was with reluctance. But within weeks of taking over the Food and Agriculture Ministry last August, Patil devised a daring solution to India's chronic food crisis. Nehru was half-hearted about the plan. Patil's colleagues were apathetic, but Patil pressed on.

Last week Patil could be proud of his stubbornness. In the office of Dwight Eisenhower, he scratched his signature to a \$1.3 billion grain deal that promises to move 16 million tons of U.S. wheat and 1,000,000 tons of rice into Indian warehouses over the next four years. It was the biggest single U.S. aid project since the Marshall Plan. India will pay in rupees, but 85% of the proceeds will be handed back as loans and grants for Indian economic development. Reflecting the rise in U.S. prestige in a country once suspicious

of American motives, the *Times of India* declared: "No government has ever been more generous."

Ultimately, India's long-term survival depends on learning how to feed itself, which is the object of the \$100 million project announced fortnight ago by India's partner in the scheme, the Ford Foundation (TIME, May 9). Until it begins to pay off with massively greater crop yields, S. K. Patil's stockpile will provide insurance against famine and a massive weapon against the speculators who year after year have been able to manipulate India's grain prices to the disadvantage of the largely helpless, hungry consumers.

## UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC

### World's Biggest Sinkhole

Next to the Great Nile itself, Egypt's most awesome geographical feature is the Qattara Depression. Shaped like some splay-footed giant's footprint, this enormous sinkhole in the desert west of Cairo begins with a heel 35 miles south of the Mediterranean shore and then runs southward into the desert for some 185 miles. Covered with rock salt and slimy quicksand, Qattara is as desolate and lifeless as anything this side of the moon. Only generals have ever placed any value on one of nature's worst mistakes. In World War II Montgomery bunched his forces at El Alamein in the neck of land between the Mediterranean and the nearly 1,000 ft. drop of the Depression, and thus kept Rommel's Afrika Korps from Suez. The Qattara was worth 200 armored divisions, said Rommel—to the British.

**Canal & Tunnels.** Last week, after a month-long site study (using some of Rommel's leftover contour maps and aerial photographs), nine West German scientists and engineers settled down to write detailed reports on a daring project to convert the Qattara into a mammoth new power project. First suggested by the British more than 30 years ago, the idea is to dig a ditch from the Mediterranean to within nine miles of the Depression. Thence a tunnel would be bored under the rocky escarpment that rises along the Depression's northern rim. Emerging from the tunnel, the water would drop down the cliff into turbines to generate 2.7 bil-





lion kilowatt hours of electricity a year.

For 160 years the water level would gradually inch up to form an inland sea about half as big as Lake Erie. After that, the rapid evaporation in the hot desert air plus some seepage and regulation of the water intake would keep the level permanently some 150 ft. below sea level, providing the United Arab Republic with a perpetual source of power. Estimated cost of the project: \$360 million.

**Sharing the Nile.** For the U.A.R., Qattara could be a useful auxiliary to the 10 billion kw-h expected from the Aswan High Dam. Except for insignificant rainfall, Egypt depends totally on the Nile for irrigation and power. Since 1,000 miles of the Upper Nile belong to the Sudan and its headwaters to four other countries with demands of their own, Egypt's future development may someday require more power than its share of the Nile can provide.

For a century, Lake Qattara could support a flourishing fishing industry until the salt concentration became too great. After that, the lake bottom could be mined for crystallized salt. If preliminary studies are encouraging, a three-year engineering study will be required before actual construction can begin.

## TURKEY

### "55 K"

After seven days of martial law, officials of Premier Adnan Menderes' government judged that the tension in Turkey was subsiding. Istanbul students who tried to stage new demonstrations against the ruling Democrats during the three-day NATO foreign ministers' meeting were thrown back by troops. The legislative "inquiry" into the opposition Republicans' "subversive and illegal" activities was already well under way in star-chamber secrecy. At midweek, students in Ankara began bandying about the rallying

password "55 K" (translation: May 5 at 5 p.m. at Kizilay Square). The password reached the ears of the police, and the Menderes forces thought they saw an opportunity to organize a counter-demonstration to show the world that the mass of Turks still gave their support to the government. They set to work.

By 5 o'clock, some 60 pro-Menderes demonstrators were on hand in Kizilay Square. Troops arrived and set up a cordon. At 5:40, two limousines carrying Menderes and President Celal Bayar drove up. With a confident smile Menderes jumped out to shake hands. But within seconds, several hundred anti-Menderes students moved in. The carefully planned counter-demonstration was suddenly swamped in a boisterous crowd.

"Resign! Resign!" Shocked, Menderes tried to stand his ground. With arms outstretched, he called out: "Why do you do this? What do you want?" "Resign! Resign!" shouted the crowd. One student clutched him by the arm and asked: "How long do we suffer at your hands?" The Premier slapped his face, then grabbed him by the waist and called police to take him away. Hair rumpled and necktie askew, Menderes raised his arms again and shouted: "Why don't you kill me?" "No, we don't want to kill you. Resign! Resign!" yelled the crowd. "Then kill me," cried Menderes, placing his right hand over his heart.

Shirttails flapping, the white-faced Premier dogtrotted into the square with his aides at his heels. In the square Menderes found old President Bayar waiting in his Cadillac. The two embraced. There were tears in Menderes' eyes. Friends pushed the Premier into a newsman's Volkswagen, and the little car inched forward to a point where some 100 of Menderes' Democratic partisans were gathered. But when the Premier climbed out, students rushed up to shout "Freedom!" Menderes gave up. Climbing into a third car, he rode

away to the presidential palace and the end of the wildest automobile ride a Turkish Premier ever took.

Next day the only newspaper published in Istanbul or Ankara was Menderes' Democratic Party organ, *Zafer*. Its caption (over a photo snapped just before the storm struck in the square): TREMENDOUS OVATION GIVEN OUR PRIME MINISTER SHOWS AFFECTION OF PEOPLE. But Foreign Minister Fatin Zorlu acknowledged that some 50 demonstrators had been arrested after the "ovation," added grimly: "The parliamentary inquiry will take care of them."

**Hero Needed.** Discontent with Menderes is not yet general, is confined largely to the big cities. Both students and professors at Turkey's universities are chiefly outraged by Menderes' attempt to dictate what should be taught and what political opinions they should hold. Lawyers are worried by Menderes' highhanded and arbitrary methods of dealing with politicians who offend him. Businessmen are disgruntled by the burdensome import regulations forced on them by Menderes' overambitious development programs. Some army officers are taking alarm at Menderes' willingness to use the army to harass his political foes. At week's end, the chief of Turkey's ground forces, General Cemal Gursel, retired with a pointed statement to his troops: "At this moment when a political storm is blowing over the country, know how to protect yourselves from this nefarious atmosphere. Keep out of politics at all costs."

Ismet Inonu and his opposition Republicans have gained in popularity for their defiant criticism of Menderes' measures. But too many Turks remember the iron-shod rule Inonu himself imposed on the nation during his Presidency (1938-50), have difficulty in believing wholeheartedly that he has mellowed into a champion of democratic liberty. So far, Turkey's demonstrators are still looking for a hero.

## IRAN

### Let That Be a Lesson

Iran's Tudeh (Communist) Party is officially outlawed, but in the dingy bazaars of Teheran and Tabriz there are always a few dozen of its members busy plotting the downfall of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi and his regime. Last week, as the Shah departed for a tour of Sweden, Belgium and Austria, the army took five arrested Tudeh members from their cells and shot them. An "unofficial" source explained that the executions were designed to be an object lesson to plotters who might have been thinking that the Shah's absence would be an opportune moment for a *Putsch*.

## SOUTH KOREA

### After the Storm

Cautiously, tentatively, Seoul came back to normal. The crowded tea shops buzzed with excited conversation among Koreans who still could hardly believe their power had toppled Syngman Rhee's



MENDERES & STUDENT DEMONSTRATORS  
"Why don't you kill me?"

UPI



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twelve-year rule. When the curfew was moved up to midnight, jazz bands resumed their raucous ways and the noisy, bright-lit bars were awash with tipsy revelers and eager ladies of the evening. In fact, except for a few damaged buildings and the soldiers guarding the National Assembly, there were no outward signs at all of Korea's fortnight of revolt.

It was reform week for Acting President Huh Chung's caretaker government. Everywhere, officials of the old regime were being accused, scorned or arrested. The Ministry of Finance set up screening committees charged with first identifying corrupt tax officials, then ferreting them out. The head of the Bank of Korea revealed that his institution had been used by Rhee officials to get kickbacks on loan

applications. The police haul included Kang Hak Lee, chief of all Korea's police, who was charged with embezzling \$120,000 from police funds and with printing fake Communist leaflets to stuff in the pockets of dead student rioters. To show its loyalty to the new order, the Bank of Korea announced that Syngman Rhee's face would be removed from bank notes. One group of students filed formal charges against Rhee (and 161 former Cabinet ministers and Assemblymen) for "criminal irresponsibility" in rigging the constitution to keep himself in office. Alarmed, Acting President Huh Chung urged a slowdown in the purging, only to be accused by the press of "preserving a corrupt bureaucracy."

Most impatient of all were the stu-

dents. At the barricades they had demanded new elections. Now they were irritated to find the same old National Assembly still in session and long-windedly debating constitutional changes. In Pusan, Taegu, and Seoul itself, they staged new demonstrations demanding dissolution of the Assembly. Army Boss Lieut. General Song Yo Chan called out armored cars, tanks and tear gas, but ordered his troops to avoid strong-arm tactics. "The army will stay aloof from politics," declared the government. As for the hated Assembly, it was willing to bring charges against five of its Liberal Party members and expel them. But the legislators, pro and anti Rhee alike, seemed in no hurry to vote themselves out of office before the new elections expected in July.

## "I'VE GOT TO GET OUT" The Flight of Refugees From China

*Month after month, the refugees straggle into Macao, Portugal's ancient island colony just off the Chinese mainland. Ever since Mao Tse-tung launched his drive to force peasants off their land and into communes two years ago, the trickle has averaged 200 a month. But in recent weeks the slow flow has tripled and quadrupled. Among the recent refugees was one Kou Kong-kit, 20. Kou's story:*

**T**WO years ago, Kou had been a care-free student, the son of a small landowner in Kwangtung Province's fertile Chungshan County. Then the farm was requisitioned to add to the giant Ku Cheang commune. Parents and children were marched off to different work barracks. With five other men and boys, Kou was assigned to a one-room mud hut.

The day he escaped started as an ordinary day. He woke up at dawn. In the corner, he could make out the crumpled figure of the oldest member of their work detail. Old Wong was suffering from the national malady of peasant China, beriberi, or the "no-vegetable sickness." Kou helped Wong up, noticing his horribly swollen feet. Fearing punishment if they reported late to the fields five miles away, Kou and the younger men trotted off, leaving Wong to hobble along behind.

At 9, after working four hours without food, Kou went to stand in line at the cook shack for his twice-a-day bowl of rice. Wong was lying in a heap on the ground, moaning. The section foreman was shouting "Get up!" and punctuating each command with a kick in the belly. Wong tried to rise but could not. On his field telephone, the foreman summoned seven members of Mao's militia—big, well-fed northern men chosen because their ignorance of the Kwangtung dialect isolates them from the peasants they bully.

**Execution at 10.** With a rifle butt, the militia commander prodded old Wong

until he was satisfied that Wong really could not move. Then, on command, one soldier stepped forward, shot Wong through the head. As Kou and the other commune workers watched, the soldiers trussed Wong's wrists and ankles and slung him over a bamboo pole like a freshly slaughtered hog. All of a sudden, the workers began to chant: "We won't work! We won't work! We won't work!"

The militia captain sent for Lok Yeng, the commune's political boss. Lok, dressed in military boots and a well-tailored tunic, was a middle-aged woman, known locally as "Dead Devil." As if by habit, the workers obediently formed a circle around her and listened. "Go back to work or you will all be arrested," said Lok. "Since you have caused this disturbance, you will get no dinner." The crowd broke into a howl of rage. The militia began firing.

Kou ran. He thought: "This is it. I've got to get out of here. In a little while, everyone will die." Back in the fields, he slipped the word to his four hut mates. That evening they met at a prearranged rendezvous near the river. After dark they slipped out into the water and untied a small fishing sampan. Traveling at night and hiding out by day, they covered more than 60 miles of winding streams and canals. On the third morning they reached the point where the West River sweeps out into the South China Sea. Ahead, across a 600-yard expanse of open water, lay Macao. But behind them was Lappa Island, where Red Chinese gunboats lay in wait to intercept any boat attempting to run their blockade.

**Dash for Freedom.** In Macao Father Pierre, a missionary who has lived in the Portuguese colony for 30 years, was at his morning prayers. He listened, as he listened every morning, for the gunshots that would signal the death of some refugee's hopes. But there was only silence. Matins over, Father Pierre hurried out



REFUGEES ARRIVING IN MACAO

just in time to see the mist part, revealing Kou's boat paddling furiously for shore.

Not all refugees last week were so lucky. One boatload was turned back only yards from freedom. But others got through. Relief workers distributed 20,000 loaves of bread a day, tended the sick, and listened to other stories of Kwangtung's miseries.

Among the refugees were nursing mothers, who had fled in desperation when they found that their starved breasts could not produce enough milk to keep their babies alive under the meager diet allowed them in Mao's communes. From one commune came reports that 50% of the children had died of malnutrition. There have been no reports of widespread crop failure, but apparently, Red Chinese authorities were taking the food Kwangtung produced and shipping it to the cities to feed industrial workers, or selling it abroad to acquire needed foreign exchange. In one area, peasants had derailed and looted a food train taking their grain away to the north.

As for Kou, at week's end he was happily at work at a \$5-a-month busboy job in a Macao restaurant.



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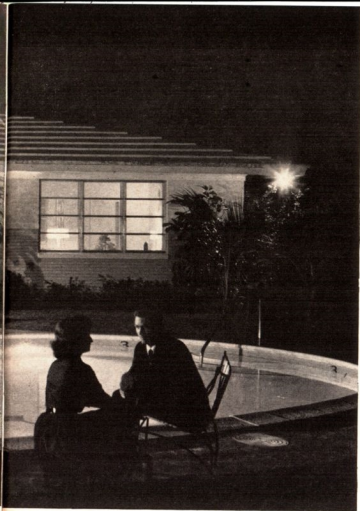
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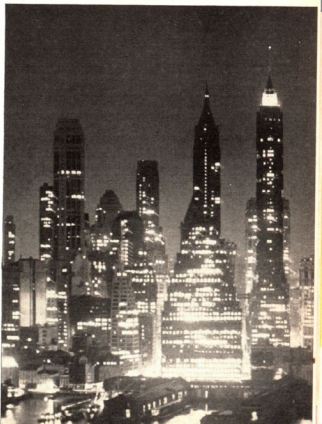
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# THE HEMISPHERE

## THE AMERICAS

### Trouble in Green Gold

The bold adventurers who ranged through Central America toppling governments and creating the sprawling United Fruit Co. banana empire are long gone. There was Lorenzo Dow Baker, the founder, a Massachusetts schooner captain who got into bananas back in 1870 when he found that the fruit he skeptically picked up for 25¢ a bunch in Jamaica fetched \$2.50 a bunch or more in New York. There was Minor C. Keith, who hacked through Central American jungles a railroad line that, according to legend, cost a human life for every tie in the first 25 miles. And then there was Russian-born

appease what President Sunderland called the "understandable desire" of Latin Americans "to own their own land and grow their own crops for sale in the international markets." But it has another, even more compelling purpose: to raise United Fruit's profits.

**Upset Cart.** In the days of Baker and Keith and Zemurray, the banana trade was deliciously profitable, and many a Boston fortune was founded upon "green gold" (from the greenness of bananas when shipped). But during the past decade United Fruit has slipped badly. Net earnings per share plummeted from \$7.49 in 1950 to \$2.60 in 1958 and a dismal \$1.39 last year. Labor costs rose steeply during the 1950s. The company has been

Fruit, by 1970, to divest itself of roughly one-third of its banana import business.

But President Sunderland, 53, is brimful of plans for restoring United Fruit's oldtime profits. Above all, Sunderland wants to make the company less dependent on bananas. It might diversify by raising more cattle, producing more palm oil, manufacturing soap and other palm-oil products. Most important, perhaps, United Fruit last year acquired a 123,000-acre oil concession in Colombia, and Oilman Sunderland is keenly interested in exploring for oil elsewhere in tropical America, hoping that black gold will pay when green gold does not.

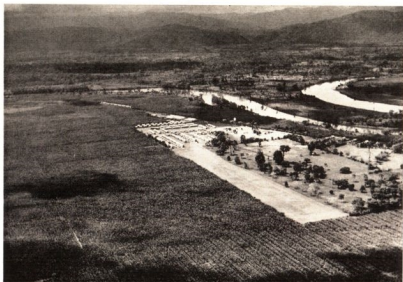
## DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

### Distasteful Dictator

As he gets older, Dominican Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo has not got any more adroit in his rough ways. His misdeeds have only become more conspicuous. Last week Trujillo angrily demanded the removal of a U.S. embassy officer for "conveying certain material derogatory to the Dominican Republic to a British newspaperman." The U.S., as a sign of Washington's distaste for Trujillo, seized the occasion to recall Ambassador Joseph Farland for an indefinite time. And as separate evidences of their displeasure with the dictator's methods, Colombia and Peru last week severed diplomatic relations with the Dominican Republic.

The increasing international disgust at Trujillo's conduct could be understood by the news from Greece and Mexico. In Athens, 46 Greeks got out of a plane overjoyed to be back from Trujilloland. They had been recruited nine months ago by the promise of jobs at salaries ranging between \$300 and \$600 a month—big money in Greece. Once they got to the Dominican Republic, they were ordered to draw uniforms and arms as members of Trujillo's foreign legion. When they refused, they were thrown naked into communal and solitary cells at La Victoria prison outside Ciudad Trujillo. They ate slop, were beaten unconscious with clubs and wire whips, scalded with boiling water. Treatment got better when they agreed to try soldiering, but after two months they still refused to enlist and were tossed back into jail. The Greek embassy in Washington finally negotiated their freedom.

In Mexico, Trujillo's hoods caught up with a Spaniard named José Almoina Mateos, who had been the dictator's private secretary from 1945 to 1947. Though Almoina had written a slavishly pro-Trujillo book called *I Was Trujillo's Secretary*, he was also the author of an anonymous and bitter denunciation of the dictator called *Sutrap in the Caribbean*. One morning last week, as Almoina walked to work in Mexico City, a green 1958 Ford ran him down. Then, just to be sure, one of the occupants of the car ran back and pumped



Cornell Copps—Magnum

UNITED FRUIT PLANTATION IN GUATEMALA  
They must have more than bananas.

Sam Zemurray, who in 1910 sent a yacht with two U.S. soldiers of fortune and a case of rifles to depose the President of Honduras. "I feel guilty about some of the things we did," Zemurray admitted later.

Better behaved now, United Fruit pays hefty taxes into tropical treasuries, concedes fringe benefits, goes in for such good-will undertakings as operating a free school in Honduras, where men from all over tropical America study scientific agriculture. But last week a new policy dramatically measured the change in United Fruit. President Thomas E. Sunderland proposed to turn over United Fruit banana lands to Latin American growers.

"Times are changing in Latin America," he said, "and we must change with the times." Henceforth, United Fruit will be "firmly committed to the policy of selling, leasing or contracting to nationals as much of our banana-producing land as can be reasonably accomplished."

The new policy is partly designed to

face with "unprecedented, abnormal" bad weather and persistent plant diseases.

Above all other difficulties, competition from Ecuador has upset United Fruit's banana cart. Ecuador's banana exports have increased 1,000% since the late 1940s, giving it 20% of the world banana trade and making it the world's No. 1 producer. Only one-fifth of Ecuador's bananas are shipped by United Fruit.

**Skipped Dividend.** As a result of these trials, United Fruit last summer skipped its quarterly dividend for the first time in the 20th century. The appalled board of directors called in Outsider Sunderland, vice president and general counsel of Standard Oil Co. (Indiana), to be top banana.

Sunderland took over some massive headaches apart from sinking profits. Among them: Fidel Castro's confiscation of 272,472 acres of United Fruit sugar and cattle lands in Cuba; a 1958 anti-trust consent decree requiring United



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three slugs from a .38-caliber automatic into him. As stretcher men carried Almo into the hospital, he cried out: "Trujillo's gunmen did this." He died the next day.

## NICARAGUA

### The Chummy Ambassador

Thomas Edward Whelan, 65, is a well-to-do, homespun North Dakota potato farmer and a power in his home state's politics. He has also been U.S. Ambassador to dictatorial Nicaragua for nine years—longer in one post than any other current U.S. ambassador and so long that he hardly seems the man for Washington's new policy of (as Richard Nixon put it) "a warm embrace for democratic leaders and a formal handshake for dictators."

Ever since Republican Whelan was appointed by Democrat Harry Truman in 1951,<sup>6</sup> Nicaragua has suited him.

With Whelan and the late Dictator Anastasio Somoza it was "Tommy" and "Tacho" from the start, and the friendship deepened as they partied, played poker, junketed around the country together. Tacho was shot and critically wounded by an assassin in 1956, and it was his friend Tommy Whelan who arranged to fly the dying dictator to a U.S. hospital in the Panama Canal Zone. He was succeeded by his sons, President Luis Somoza and Army Chief Anastasio ("Tachito") Somoza Jr.

Sometimes, in his plain North Dakota way, Whelan had tried to persuade old Tacho to allow Nicaragua a little democracy, but then he would quickly agree with Tacho that Nicaraguans were politically too immature for much freedom. Whelan claims a little more success with Luis and Tachito. After his father's death, Tachito was bent on killing the enemies of the Somozas when Ambassador Whelan convinced his friend that this might be going too far. He also encouraged Luis to put through a law prohibiting any member of the Somoza family from succeeding him to the presidency.

But in the eyes of the new generation of democrats come to power in the hemisphere in recent years, Nicaragua remains a sleepy dictatorship run chiefly to protect the estimated \$60 million fortune (in sugar, coffee, shipping, cotton) that Tacho corruptly amassed while in power. To Nicaraguans, uncritically chummy Tom Whelan will always be identified with the Somozas and all their works.

## CANADA

### Prairie Socialism

North America's most comprehensive welfare state is the Canadian prairie province of Saskatchewan. In a flat wheatland more than twice the size of New Mexico, 907,000 scattered inhabitants share a tradition of help-the-other-fellow frontier

radicalism that is as old as provincial incorporation 54 years ago. But most of Saskatchewan's social-welfare schemes have been concocted since 1944 by Canada's only socialist government, run by the ever-winning (four straight elections) Cooperative Commonwealth Federation party. Last week CCF Premier T. C. ("Tommy") Douglas dissolved his 53-seat legislature, in which the CCF has 36 of the 53 seats, and called for an election on June 8.

At stake in the campaign is still another of Douglas' welfare plans: a compulsory insurance program that would provide complete medical care at an annual cost of \$40 for a family, \$17.50 for a single person. Both the opposition Liberals and the province's 1,000 doctors are against the Douglas scheme, challenging its practicality. The province already has cradle-to-grave security that matches anything in



Alex Yackimilino  
SASKATCHEWAN'S PREMIER DOUGLAS  
Coverage from conception to crypt.

such better-known socialist Edens as Sweden, Uruguay and New Zealand.

**Care & Cure.** Blue-eyed Douglas Alexander Stewart (6 lbs. 13 oz.), one of some 500 babies born last week in the province's 150 government-supported hospitals, is a good example of the benefits of CCF largesse. Thanks to a compulsory hospital-insurance program introduced in 1947, Douglas' mother Donna, wife of a Regina accounting clerk, received prenatal care free; when she leaves the hospital she will simply get a bill marked "Paid." Douglas will be immunized against childhood diseases at a free public-health clinic. If he should become mentally ill, he would get free psychiatric care. If Douglas is orphaned, he will be raised in government-supported foster homes.

Eventually, Douglas Stewart may become one of the 5,000 who work for the twelve Crown corporations that operate utilities, an airline, a sodium sulphate plant. As a car owner, he must buy com-

pulsory auto insurance at rates \$20 cheaper than elsewhere in Canada.

If he can find no job, the province will pay 93% of his upkeep, his home town the rest; if he gets cancer, all care will be free; if he is injured on the prairie, a government aerial ambulance will wing him to the nearest hospital. In retirement, Douglas Stewart may choose to live on his pension (up to \$75 a month) in one of Saskatchewan's new geriatric centers (four in operation, one more planned), which will give him food, a bed, and all medical care.

**Rights & Royalties.** If the CCF is re-elected, and Tommy Douglas' medical plan goes through, Douglas Stewart may well spend a lifetime without a medical bill: prepaid compulsory insurance will pay for everything. The premier promises that under his plan, patients would be free to choose their own physicians, and doctors would retain the right to a private practice.

Saskatchewan spends 34% of its budget (\$148 million this year, 10% from oil and natural-gas royalties) on welfare. But the CCF's early-days loud talk of "eradicating capitalism" is not even a whisper now. Saskatchewan's Deputy Minister of Travel and Information now makes a dozen trips yearly to Eastern Canada and the U.S., luring new industry to the province, hoping that the profits of free enterprise will make possible an economy that can afford Tommy Douglas' social welfare.

### Off to California

Jack Kent Cooke, 47, is a lively Toronto wheeler-dealer who owns or controls the Maple Leaf baseball club, radio station CKEY, two magazines and a handful of manufacturing firms. Now he is about to switch his citizenship from Canadian to U.S., and he has high-placed encouragement. Before the Senate last week was a House-approved bill, sponsored by Pennsylvania's Democratic Representative Francis E. Walter, that would grant Cooke residence retroactive to Sept. 28, 1950. Significance: Cooke could then become a U.S. citizen in 60 days instead of the normal five years.

Cooke's change of nationality seems to coincide with the troubles besetting his dream of creating a Canadian communications empire. His money-losing *Saturday Night* magazine has long been on the block without any takers. Last year Canada's Board of Broadcast Governors, after questioning Cooke on his programming philosophy, gave only a minimum two-year renewal to CKEY's license. Recently the B.B.G. left him among the also-rans in the race for Toronto's private TV channel.

Cooke has similar troubles in the U.S., where he has about \$1,000,000 invested. Last December the Federal Communications Commission deferred renewal of the broadcasting license for Pasadena, Calif. radio station KRLA, bought by Brother Donald Cooke (a U.S. citizen since 1947) with the help of a loan from Jack. The FCC objected to KRLA's programming, complained that Jack had taken an active part in station management, although agency policy prohibits foreign ownership.

<sup>6</sup> As a reward to North Dakota's maverick-Republican Senator, the late William ("Wild Bill") Langer, who cast a crucial vote against Senate investigation of alleged 1946 vote frauds in Truman's home town, Kansas City.

In irreverent observance of Mother's Day, the New York *Herald Tribune* took a look at the current crop of Broadway offerings, published tidings that **Mother** is having heavy going onstage right now as the ideal of every red-blooded American boy and girl. In five dramas now seething in Manhattan, Mom is depicted as a mean lady, a monster, or absolute family nemesis. The quintet: *Bye Bye Birdie*, *Five Finger Exercise*, *Gypsy*, *Toys in the Attic*, *Once Upon a Mattress*. Interviewing some of the stage mothers involved, the *Trib* also learned that any actress can forgive herself for playing an unsympathetic role. As Kay Medford, the all-possessive Mom of *Bye Bye Birdie*, saw it: "I've never been a mother, so I wouldn't know what mothers are supposed to be like." Added Ethel Merman, off-stage mother of two, who plays the self-serving, star-making mother of Gypsy Rose Lee and June Havoc: "Why, Jerry Lewis sat there one night after the show and cried for 15 minutes, and George Jessel cried too. To them, she was a sympathetic woman."

In a Rome-to-Sicily road race last year, top-heavy Cinematress **Anita Ekberg**, in her blue Lancia Flaminia sports car with Italian Actor Antonio Gerini at the wheel, rolled into the town of Castroville, was soon surrounded by ogling male fans; in the crush and Gerini's subsequent attempts to drive on, ten fans were slightly injured. Last week she explained it all to a Calabrian court. After conceding that she is 28, Anita admitted to an admiring

judge—and packed courtroom—that she had bowled over a few of the boys. But she staunchly denied that a popped button on her blouse had triggered the stampede. Purred Anita: she had all her buttons and only ran abreast of the crowd because "some people tried to poke their hands through the car window—for what purpose, I don't know."

Tart-tongued **Harry Truman**, nearing his 76th birthday at week's end, attended a mock Democratic Convention at Virginia's Washington and Lee University.

At an air show in West Germany, Bonn's Defense Minister **Franz-Josef Strauss** climbed into a British Hawker Hunter, was whisked to 43,000 ft., broke through the sound barrier, then was brought down to buzz a Hannover airfield at a risky 100 ft. After receiving a diploma citing him as "Germany's fastest minister," Strauss jowled: "I felt safer than on the *Autobahn*!"

Denmark's Sculptor Jean Gauguin, 79, lives in a Copenhagen suburb, minds his own business, and seldom talks about his famed father, Painter **Paul Gauguin**, who went to Tahiti in 1891, died in the South Seas twelve years later. But recently, when a Danish art critic came to call, Jean molded a few details. "He was a small man," recalled Sculptor Gauguin. "His sailor's papers say 162 centimeters [5 ft. 3½ in.]. I believe he used high heels. He was rather boring and tedious, terribly ceremonious, difficult and fussy." Pressed for more, Jean said: "They also tell me that he gave me a penknife back in 1890, but I threw it away, of course."

Off to federal prisons last week for two-year terms went **Matthew J. Connelly**, 52, Harry Truman's White House appointments secretary, and **T. Lamar Caudle**, 56, North Carolina lawyer and head of the Justice Department's tax division under Truman. Both were convicted in 1956 of conspiring to fix the Justice Department difficulties of Irving Sachs, a St. Louis shoe wholesaler, who evaded \$118,142 in federal taxes.

Returning to their French country home after their annual pilgrimage to the U.S., the **Duke and Duchess of Windsor** got off the boat train in Paris, issued a chilly "no comment" when asked about their absence from Princess Margaret's wedding. The Windsors opened up enough to disclose that they will visit London shortly for a two-day, "strictly business" trip, then swept off to a weekend in the country with friends and their four omnipresent pugs: Disraeli, Trooper, Davy Crockett and Impy.

To its favorite capitalist, Cleveland Industrialist and self-styled Statesman **Cyrus Stephen Eaton**, 76, the Kremlin awarded an honor only slightly below



AGIP—Block Star  
WINDSORS IN PARIS  
All those dogs.

that of Hero of the Soviet Union: a Lenin Peace Prize, theoretically worth about \$25,000. Said Tass, apparently saluting Eaton for the informal East-West conferences that he holds at his Nova Scotia retreat: "A public figure whose activity is an example of courageous service to the lofty idea of peaceful coexistence." Glowed Eaton: "Such recognition of a capitalist provides strong new evidence of what I am sure is the sincere interest of the Soviet people and their government in peace for all mankind."

Out in Arizona, Novelist **Aldous Huxley**, 65, made hour-long noises of gloom and doom for an *Arizona Republic* newsman, who felt so dejected toward the end of the interview that she asked him if there was anything right with the world. Huxley brightened. "Plenty. The fact that you're still here is a bit of all rightness." Then he disclosed that he is hard at work on a new novel about a "utopian society, opposite from that of" his depressingly automated *Brave New World*, now 28 years old.

Remnants of some 300 watercolors and oils painted by a late Austrian artist in his youth—two papers listed as Lots 174 and 174A—were auctioned off at London's Sotheby & Co. The paintings, badly copied from postcards of half a century ago, presented a tourist's-eye view of Vienna's *Parliament* and *Ringstrasse*, another of the *Karlskirche*. Sotheby's made an agreement with the owner, a Viennese matron, that its commission and half of her proceeds from the sale would be donated to the U.N.-sponsored World Refugee Year. But even so, at the West Ger-



ANITA IN COURT  
All of her buttons.

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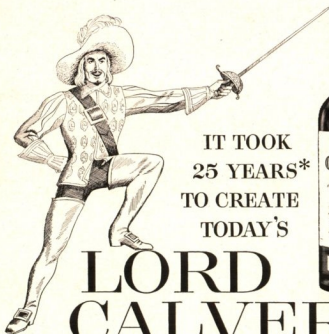
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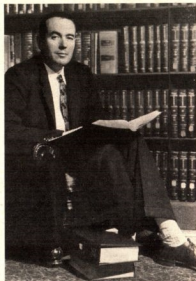


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man embassy in London, one official promised to burn the paintings if he could lay hands on them. When the auction began, a London gallery owner named Jacques O'Hana (a Spanish-born Jew) leaped to his feet and cried: "These pictures should not be offered for sale! But I'll give £50 for the two and tear them up!" His bid was insufficient. The two paintings were knocked down for \$1,680 to a less excited London book dealer, who bought them for the private collection of the Marquess of Bath. The artist who stirred up all the fuss, his name neatly printed on the lower right corner of both works: **A. Hitler.**

Among 13 Pulitzer Prizes awarded in the arts, journalism and letters, a salute went to prolific Naval Historian **Samuel Eliot Morison** (his second Pulitzer) for his biography, *John Paul Jones*. The



George Abbott—The New York Times  
**NOVELIST DRURY**  
Quite a lot of consent.

hit musicomedy *Fiorello!*, written by indefatigable (at 70) **George Abbott** with **Jerome Weidman**, was the third musical ever to win such an award (the others: *Of Thee I Sing* and *South Pacific*). Outstanding in the field of international reporting: the New York Times's **A. M.** (for Abraham Michael) **Rosenthal**, who was ordered to leave Poland for probing too deeply into its internal problems. One of the least surprising and most deserved awards: to **Allen Drury** for his bestselling novel, *Advice and Consent*, on official Washington. In England last week ex-New York Timesman Drury was asked for his views of U.S. presidential candidates, answered like a true statesman. On the Democrats: "Johnson, Stevenson, Kennedy and Humphrey are all intelligent men and would make good Presidents." As for the G.O.P.: "Nixon has some principles of his own" and could be "one of the most liberal Presidents we ever had. He could be very independent of the conservatives."



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## MEDICINE

### Oldsters & Sex

Old age and sex are not incompatible, according to two psychiatrists at Duke University. After interviewing 250 people, aged 60 to 93, Dr. Gustave Newman and Dr. Claude R. Nichols report in the *A.M.A. Journal* that even at 90 or over, people can, and often do, enjoy normal sexual relations.

The strength of an older's sexual life, the psychiatrists found, depends on his general strength: if he suffers from a serious disease, his sexual power wanes along with his other powers. It also depends on the strength of his sexual drive earlier in life. Without exception, the people who rated their drive strong in youth rated it moderate in old age; the people who rated it weak in youth found it absent in old age.

Marriage is a factor. Only 7% of the people without a wife or husband continued to have sexual relations in old age. The social and legal barriers in the way of obtaining a partner were too great. But 54% of the married people still had sexual intercourse, varying from six times a year to three times a week.

### Do-It-Yourself Hospital

Richard Cwiklinski got out of his hospital bed in Milwaukee at 6:30 a.m., threw on a sports shirt and slacks, strolled down to the cafeteria for breakfast. After breakfast, he had a back rub, went for a walk in the hospital park, leisurely enjoyed the Lake Michigan landscape in the brisk spring air.

Cwiklinski, a 45-year-old fireman with an ulcer, was not flouting hospital rules. As one of 24 patients in St. Mary's 25-bed self-care unit, he was well within them. For over six months the new unit had been taking in patients whose needs are not urgent: observation, a routine physical exam, daily physical therapy, post-operative recuperation. Normally, the patients would have been confined to a bed, wakened regularly each morning, prodded unnecessarily with a thermometer, served lukewarm meals. In the self-care unit, they take their own medicine and their own baths, eat in a cafeteria that has all the liveliness of a summer cook-out.

Within liberal limits, the self-care patients are encouraged to indulge their whims. They get haircuts and permanents when they please, sunbathe on the hospital roof, play cards, browse in the gift shop, receive visitors from noon until 8 p.m. One man got permission to go home for some summer shirts when the weather turned warm. A housewife used to get a midafternoon snack of scrambled-egg sandwich and caramel sundae. Exclaimed she: "I had no idea being in a hospital could be so much fun. I did have one problem today. I just could not find a fourth for bridge."

The self-care unit relieves St. Mary's of one of its biggest problems: finding enough nurses. Self-care requires a staff

of only five for a 24-hour period, one-fourth the usual staff. The saving is passed along to the patient. A double room costs \$14.50 as compared to \$22.50 in the rest of the hospital; a single costs \$16.50 compared to \$28. St. Mary's carries no extra liability insurance on its mobile, self-care patients. Its position has been justified: only one person has had a slight accident.

St. Mary's staff often has to convince hospital patients that they are fit enough to go to self-care. Some have made friends on their floor and do not want to leave; others simply like the service. "Why should I move?" asked one. "Blue Cross

\$10,000) and behavior patterns were much the same. They differed only in education: 55 were college graduates, 84 were high school only.

In spite of all the outward similarities, the difference in background was decisive when it came to disease. During the course of one year, the high school graduates suffered half again the number of illnesses that the college graduates did. Though few of these involved risk of death, the risk run by the high school men was ten times that of the college men. Above all, many more of the high school men showed telltale signs of future cardiovascular disease.

Why the marked difference in the two groups? Heredity was ruled out. Both



Richard J. Bauer

SELF-CARE PATIENTS AT ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL  
And in midafternoon, a scrambled-egg sandwich with a caramel sundae.

is paying for it." But the staff is determined to help patients help themselves. Their best argument is the cheerful people in self-care. Says Patient Cwiklinski: "The less attention they give me the better. And that's the way it is here."

### The Cost of Getting Ahead

Many a young man rising fast in his profession is sinking fast physically. Doctors have long linked emotional stress with heart disease; but they have come to that conclusion after the fact: most of the patients they examined were already diseased. At last week's meeting in Atlantic City of the American Federation for Clinical Research, two doctors from New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center—William N. Christenson and Lawrence E. Hinkle Jr.—reported that they had spent three years correlating stress and sickness in ostensibly healthy young men far from the usual age of heart attacks.

The Cornell team tried to assemble the most homogeneous group they could find, settled on 139 men, aged 22-32, who held low-run executive jobs in a big corporation. Their type of work, income (\$6,000-

groups came from white northern European stock, had similar histories of family disease. The grandparents of the high school men were even slightly longer-lived. Personal habits were not the answer. Both groups had about the same diet, though the high school men ate less for breakfast, more between meals.

The crucial factor turned out to be stress. The college men were almost all fourth-generation Americans from substantial middle-class families. They had adjusted without much difficulty to the life expected of them as adults. The high school graduates, on the other hand, were the sons or grandsons of immigrants, were raised in poorer families, had to cope with considerably more adolescent problems than the college men. They married earlier, had more domestic problems, more financial worries, embarked on more home do-it-yourself projects. Finally, they faced an unfamiliar life in a big corporation in which they struggled hard to succeed. The Cornell team concluded: "Their relative ill health might well be regarded as the price they are paying for getting ahead in the world."

# SCIENCE

## People of the Lake

As spring thaws warmed the lakes and streams of northern Poland last week, Professor Zdzisław Rajewski, director of Warsaw's archaeological museum, gathered students and laborers to resume a fascinating job that started more than 25 years ago: the excavation of Biskupin, a surprising pocket of ancient civilization wondrously preserved for 2,500 years under a Polish lake about 50 miles northeast of Poznan. Hidden beneath the waters are the remains of a thriving agricultural society that lived in the Iron Age, when the Greeks and other civilized Mediterranean peoples considered northern Europe a primeval prowling ground for savages.

What now ranks as one of Europe's greatest archaeological finds was first discovered in 1933 by a local schoolmaster walking his class along a peninsula jutting into Lake Biskupin. Because of recent dredging of the Gasawka River, the lake's level had fallen 10 to 15 feet, and the schoolmaster spotted long rows of logs sticking out of a mud flat at a 45° angle. He reported his discovery, and presently Director Josef Kozłowski of the Poznan museum came down for a look. Preliminary digging showed that the peninsula had once been an island completely covered by a walled village.

**Clues under the Mud.** Every year when the weather permitted, Kozłowski and his assistant Rajewski assembled teams to probe deeper into the mud for the secrets of Biskupin. Damming the site and pumping it dry, the diggers found that the slanting logs were the outer ring of fortifications; just inside was a second

wall made of three rows of log cribs filled with stones and earth, and enclosing a roughly circular area of about six acres. Except for a small open square, the entire area was packed with log houses, built wall to wall in 13 straight rows and almost exactly alike.

Dr. Rajewski speculates that the village was built on its island at a time when northern Poland had a fairly warm and dry climate. About 500 B.C., the climate got colder and wetter, and the lake's level rose. For a while the villagers tried to keep pace, raising the level of their houses and streets. Eventually they gave up, and abandoned their houses to the rising water.

The upper parts of the village have disappeared, but the parts covered by the water and mud are almost perfectly preserved. More than 5,000,000 artifacts and fragments have been recovered as evidence of Biskupin's flourishing culture in 550 B.C. Life for the 1,200 or so villagers may have been crude by Greece's golden standards, but it was complete and well organized. The village's regular streets and identical houses must have been laid down as deliberately as any modern Levittown. Each house has the same plan, with an outer vestibule for cattle, pigs, sheep, dogs, and a breed (now extinct) of small horses. Inside are the living quarters—a single, squarish room with a chimneyless fireplace at one side and a raised bed platform at the other.

**Circle & Cross.** As Dr. Rajewski and his crews sifted the mud, they discovered what the people ate, wore and worshiped. They raised wheat, barley and other crops, which they cultivated with small plows. The women wove cloth out of wool and flax, sewed with bronze needles.

The people of Biskupin were probably sun worshippers; the circled cross that appears on many of their possessions is a sun symbol. They also left behind them magic charms and amulets. Clay rattles were used to scare off evil spirits. Belemnites (fossil shells of extinct, squidlike mollusks) were powdered and taken as medicine. Religious services of some sort were held in the public square and on the nearby mainland. The form of the village government is unknown, but it may have been roughly democratic. There is no large chief's house.

Although Biskupin was considered outside the pale of ancient civilizations, it was by no means isolated from them. Trade goods reached the village from much of Europe. From distant Egypt came beads similar to those found in the Pyramids. At least a little news of the great civilizations of Greece, Persia and Etruria must have trickled through to isolated Biskupin along the trade routes.

## Fire in the Sky

Many an airline passenger has tensed uneasily as lightning streaked the sky and the eerie blue glow of static electricity outlined the wing tips and propellers. Yet airmen have considered static electricity



Warsaw Archeological Museum  
**BISKUPIN'S OUTER WALL**  
Found: the Levittown of 500 B.C.

aloft relatively harmless. Now and then, lightning may blow out radio equipment or burn small holes in aircraft skin sections, but there are no recorded cases of major damage. Discharge of static electricity, named St. Elmo's fire by mariners of the Middle Ages, who thought the phenomenon a good omen from their patron saint, is considered no danger at all. When a plane flies through stormy air, static electricity may build up a force of 300,000 volts, discharging from the craft in a flickering blue halo.

Last week aircraft experts were prepared to release a report telling of a "million-to-one shot" where scientists think St. Elmo's fire proved fatal. The plane: a Trans World Airlines Super Constellation that took off into a stormy Italian sky last June 26 from Milan, bound for New York, and crashed twelve minutes later, killing all of the nine crew members and 50 passengers aboard.

At the start of the eleven-month investigation, crash detectives from the Italian and U.S. governments, TWA, and Lockheed Aircraft, builder of the plane, had precious few clues to go on. "It was a mess," said one of the experts. "All we could tell at first was that the right wing had come off in midair." All servicing and takeoff procedures were normal; the pilot had reported no trouble by radio. At the wooded crash site, technicians gathered the twisted fragments and sorted them into the plane's component parts. Metallurgical tests showed that the fuel tanks had been subjected to terrific pressure inside and had exploded. Studying fragments from the baggage compartment by microscope, the experts ruled out sabotage by bomb. Further investigation showed



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Inco has long been interested in the potentials of the gas turbine

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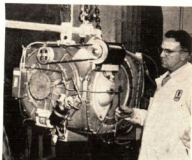
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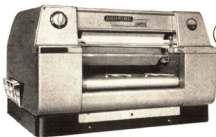


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that neither the engines nor the plane's internal wiring system had caused the explosion. Eventually, the scientists eliminated all known possibilities save one: St. Elmo's fire.

From the belly tank, empty at the time of explosion, to the trailing edge of the right wing ran a small vent through which fuel could drain in case dangerous pressure built up in the tank. The investigators believe that a lingering bit of St. Elmo's fire, instead of discharging normally from the special tassels on the plane, somehow found its way into the pressure vent and touched off the gas fumes. The fire raced back to the tank, blowing a hole in the right fuselage and exploding a wing tank that in turn blew off the right wing.

Lockheed confirmed the theory by building an experimental wing at its Burbank, Calif. plant and duplicating the explosion conditions. The cure was as simple as the cause of the crash had been tough to pin down: Lockheed installed a flame-arrester screen on the vent pipe openings of all its planes, thus hopefully eliminating another opportunity for St. Elmo's fire to turn from a good omen to tragedy.

### Electra in the Wind

Engineers from Lockheed last week were examining two other mysterious mishaps: the midair disintegration of two turboprop Electras—over Buffalo, Texas, and Tell City, Ind.—at a cost of 97 lives. In one of the biggest and most expensive (estimated cost to all participants, including F.A.A. and the airlines: \$25 million) test programs in aviation history, Lockheed has placed an entire airplane in a huge mechanical jig, is literally shaking it to test its vibration tolerances. A whole wing section complete with engines has been taken off the production line, is being twisted and bent to destruction to check its strength. All critical parts are being dye-tested for surface cracks, X-rayed for hidden flaws in the metal. Most rugged test of all: Lockheed pilots are flying a minutely instrumented Electra through the extremely turbulent "Sierra wave" over California's Sierra Nevada mountains, are slamming into the wind-shears at high speed to see what happens in the clear-air turbulence reported at the time the two airline planes went down.

Lockheed will say nothing until the engineers are dead certain that they have pinpointed the cause of the crashes and have worked out a fix. But they are getting close, hope to have a verdict in ten days. The company has scheduled a meeting this week with representatives of the U.S. airlines that fly 115 Electras. Last week Federal Aviation Agency Chief Elwood R. Quesada flew out to a meeting with Lockheed Board Chairman Robert Gross, issued a statement saying that "we are satisfied that we are boring in on an area that is going to be definitive." In the meantime, added Quesada, under the FAA-imposed speed limit of 295 m.p.h., the Electras in operation have "a margin of structural safety over and above any other aircraft in the commercial field."





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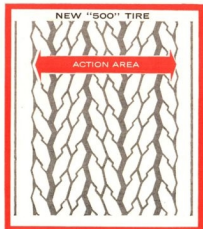
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Diagram at left shows how the new Power Tread of the new Firestone Nylon "500" tire is precision cast in a single-unit tread mold to give you ACTION Traction in the CENTER of the tread where you need it most, with 83% more working elements in contact with the road at all times. ■ Diagram at right shows conventional tread cast in two-piece mold with rigid, non-action riding rib in the center of the tread.



# Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH/copyright 1960, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

## RELIGION

### Obscenity & Morals

Is pornography a mounting menace to U.S. youth? Church bodies and guardian groups, including the Roman Catholic National Organization for Decent Literature, the Protestant Churchmen's Committee for Decent Publications, and others, cite alarming statistics and urge various actions ranging from newsstand boycotts to congressional legislation. In last week's *Christian Century*, the managing director of the American Book Publishers Council, Unitarian Dan Lacy, presents a cool and collected analysis of a situation that normally collects more heat than light.

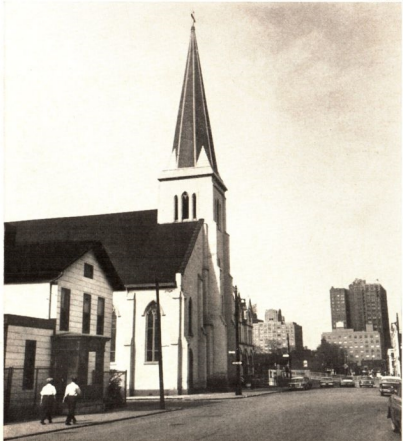
Author Lacy sees little reason to believe that there has been much relative growth in "hard-core," out-and-out pornography (sold under the counter), and is skeptical of some of the statistics bandied about semipornographic publications (sold openly). If the often-mentioned \$1 billion figure were accurate, says Lacy, "every family in America would be spending on the average about \$20 a year on pornography." Psychiatrists, sociologists and experts on juvenile delinquency disagree, too, on the effects of pornography on the young—"a very few even see possible indirect benefits from obscene materials that can divert into fantasy certain drives that might otherwise be expressed in antisocial acts."

Any group is within its rights to protest against a book, magazine or film, says Lacy, provided it limits itself to protest-

ing and does not attempt coercion without due process of law, such as by boycott or the circulation of a blacklist under the "color of authority" provided by an attorney general or police official. Such extralegal activities inevitably open the door for doctrinal and political pressures: "The Legion of Decency warns against a film like Bette Davis' *Storm Center* because its heroine is a librarian who refuses to remove a Communist book from the shelves. Films like *The Miracle* or *Martin Luther* are banned or attacked for reasons that seem purely doctrinal."

More important than this danger of doctrinal coercion is the fact, according to Lacy, that most of the reform groups warn against pornography but do little or nothing to bring about good reading. Whatever corrupts youth, "it is not the reading of words by John O'Hara or D. H. Lawrence or Vladimir Nabokov or, for that matter, Grace Metalious." In fact, it is the youngsters' very "inability to do sustained reading, frustrating the youth at school and cutting off a major avenue of escape from the limits of what is usually a mean and sordid environment, that tends to breed rebellious delinquency." Concludes Lacy: "Life itself is often shocking, beset with temptation, surrounded with sordidness. . . . Frightened ignorance is no good preparation" to meet these. But a youngster who has been prepared for these shocks with honesty will have "little to fear from his encounter with the pages of any book."

Joe Clark



### Stained Glass for Labor

*Come, labor on.*

*Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,*

*While all around him waves the golden grain?*

*And to each servant does the Master say,*

*"Go work today."*

The choir swept through Washington's Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul with a congregation of Government bigwigs, including President Eisenhower. The processional hymn had been chosen with care; the leadership of U.S. labor was out in force to dedicate three stained-glass windows donated by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in memory of three labor giants of different faiths:

¶ Samuel Gompers (1850-1924), a British-born Jew of Dutch parentage, was a founding father of the U.S. labor movement and first president of the A.F.L. His window, at the rear of the south nave over the tomb of Woodrow Wilson, is dedicated to artisans and craftsmen. Among the eight scenes are Noah building the Ark, the building of King Solomon's temple and the building of Washington Cathedral.

¶ William Green (1873-1952) was a Midwestern Baptist, a president of the A.F.L. His window, dedicated to agriculture and the sea, shows Ruth gleaning in the fields, Peter the fisherman, the harvest in Naboth's vineyard, and Joseph as a shepherd.

¶ Philip Murray (1886-1952) was a Roman Catholic born to a poor Scotch-Irish coal-mining family in Scotland, helped found the C.I.O. in 1935 and was president from 1940 until his death. His window is dedicated to industrial and social reform—Israelites in bondage; the prophet Amos warning his people; Onesimus, the runaway slave the Apostle Paul sent back to his master as a brother in Christ.

"Cleanse and bless the brotherhood which they sought to build among their fellow laborers," prayed Cathedral Dean Francis B. Sayre Jr. in accepting the windows, "that it may be worthy of their compassion and sacrifice."

### An Island in Society

"I've got a dream parish," says Father Clement H. Kern. "I'm so lucky. Almost every seminarian hopes to get a church like this, but there aren't very many of them left."

Father Kern's dream parish, the Roman Catholic Most Holy Trinity Church, is located in a rundown, ramshackle Detroit slum, where sagging frame houses, tarpaper shacks and old brick duplexes are slowly giving way to warehouses and trucking garages. This is Corktown, once as Irish as its name, and the big white church, which has been in its present location since 1855, still sports a trim of faded Kelly green. But the Irish have moved on and up in the world; Corktown is now made up primarily of Mexicans.

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**HEINZ**  
**Barbecue Sauce**



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Negroes fresh from the South, Puerto Ricans and Maltese.

In the world of fund-raising organizations and church administrators, the conception of the parish church as the beating heart of a community is growing steadily rarer. But Holy Trinity is a relic of the more personal past, preserved by poverty. "We're an island in the affluent society," says Father Kern. "Most people just don't believe there are poor any more. But there are plenty of them. We painted the church and parish house bright white for a reason. The incoming people hear that there's a big white place where they can get help. There is no organization these days like a parish. It's the human way of doing things. These people are afraid of the big agencies. They won't go to the clinics. But they will come to the church for medical help."

**Vitamins for 150.** Holy Trinity is a parish of 5,000 souls, but actually ministers to thousands more, at least half of whom are non-Catholic. For almost all of them, the old church is the kind of hearth and headquarters it once was for the immigrant Irish. If pastors in the suburbs have trouble reaching their parishioners, Father Kern and his assistant priests do not. All through his 17-hour day, parishioners surround him, and the commonest phrase he hears is "*Tengo una molestia*" (I've got trouble).

Unmarried mothers, sneak thieves, streetwalkers and undernourished children are all part of the day's trouble at Trinity. Alcoholics are everywhere—even on the church staff. Joe O'Brien, the doorman, is a retired bartender who knows what it is to lose a weekend in the bottom of a glass. So do Charley Hirst, 51, Father Kern's secretary, and onetime Engineer John McCarthy, who runs the employment agency. Father Kern is an expert at straightening out "whisky priests."

Every Thursday night, as many as 150 alcoholics-on-the-mend line up for their shots of vitamin B<sub>12</sub>. The nerve-soothing vitamins are paid for partly by the Corktown Guild, whose members are mostly bartenders, and partly by the Corktown Co-op, made up of men trying to rehabilitate themselves, who scavenge scrap to raise the money for their injections.

**Shakedown.** The Corktown Guild and the Co-op are not the only instances of Holy Trinity help and self-help. There is a "foot clinic" run by Chiroprapist Earl G. Kaplan in his spare time, a dental clinic operated by volunteers from the Detroit Society of Dental Hygienists, a legal clinic manned by top lawyers. There is a Filipino Club, a Puerto Rican Club, a chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous (membership: 1,000), a St. Vincent de Paul Society, a credit union that started with \$80 in 1947, now has assets of \$147,000; there is even a two-night-a-week "Corktown College" (tuition: \$1.33 a month), which offers such courses as English, citizenship, Spanish and folk dancing with the slogan "Never too old to learn."

From time to time it has been suggested that a dozen or so of the parish's 25 assorted activities be brought under



**HANK SHURMUR & FATHER KERN**  
Amid all the weakness, strength.

Joe Clark

the jurisdiction of Detroit's prosperous United Foundation, but Father Kern is dead set against it. "It would take away our charm," he explains with a smile. "We've got some pride, too. People help us down here because they want to—we don't recruit. The benefits of giving are somehow lost when it's mechanically deducted."

Holy Trinity operates at a loss of about \$300 a week, but much of this deficit is covered by the "Ecclesiastical Shakedown Society," a group founded in 1957 by Earl ("Hank") Shurmur, a Detroit TV cameraman. Hard drinking occasionally led Hank Shurmur to bed down at Holy Trinity, and after Father Kern "straightened him out," Shurmur began putting the bite on high-salaried executives all over the city for contributions. The society shook down \$4,200 the first year, has already topped \$3,000 so far in 1960. Members send materials and food, as well as money. One member contributed 900 cases of slightly damaged canned goods, and another collected enough money to buy Father Kern a new car (the pastor sent it back, kept his 1955 Ford).

**Sins of Weakness.** Pastor Kern, 52, is the son of a Pontiac assembly-line worker, a graduate of Sacred Heart Seminary, and a former chaplain in the Catholic Worker movement. He came to Holy Trinity in 1943, was made pastor in 1949. Since he took over, reports Juvenile Court Judge Nathan Kaufman, the area around Holy Trinity Church has had the lowest juvenile delinquency rate of any comparable slum area in the U.S.

"We have many sins of weakness here," says Father Kern. "But I'll bet the Lord will be easier on these people than on folks who say, 'Send them back where they came from.' My biggest problem is to get people to help and love each other. That's what the mystical body of Christ is all about."

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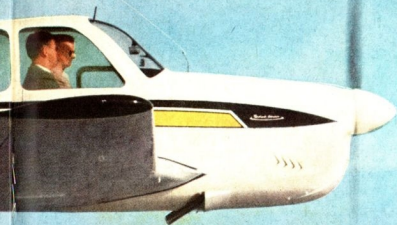
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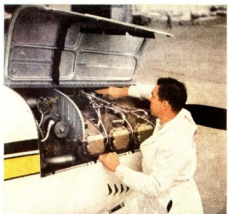
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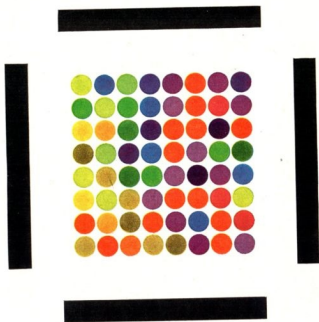
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# SHOW BUSINESS

## TELEVISION

### The Flight of the Dimbleby

As Americans watched the wedding of Britain's Princess Margaret on NBC-TV last week (see FOREIGN NEWS), they heard a flow of murmured Mayfairisms that were almost as impressive as the Archbishop of Canterbury's solemnity. It was the sable-tongued voice of Richard Dimbleby, a tall, benign, Pickwickian commentator so unfailingly proper that he all but calls the thing in his hand a Michael. Dropping sterling syllables into the air from his glass-paneled aerie 60 ft. above Westminster Abbey's nave, Dim-



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COMMENTATOR DIMBLEBY  
Words as pretty as pictures.

bleby lived up not only to his reputation as England's best commentator, but to his nicknames—"Bishop Dimbleby," "Dick Dimbleboom," and "The Royal Plum Pudding."

In two impressive, hour-long BBC tapes flown from London to Canada and picked up in full from there by NBC (other networks ran only newscasts and, later, highlights), Commentator Dimbleby described the princess tensely awaiting the walk to the altar, reassuringly reminding his audience of "the comforting, tall, friendly and alert figure of the Duke of Edinburgh, on whose right arm she can rely." He sifted the guests ("What a tower of strength Lady Churchill is"), spoke as the Voice of England when the bride's coach left the Abbey: "All of us wish, as she goes back through London, that her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peaceful."

**Teleprayer.** Full of subdued color, Dimbleby had a kindly plug or two for Queen Elizabeth's coachman, Joseph Cooze. He described the mounted Sovereign's Escort as "this lovely, twinkling

jingle of breastplates," and back at Buckingham Palace, when a telescopic longshot followed the royal family as they left the balcony and got a candid peek at the Queen Mother mimicking a part of the ceremony, Dimbleby was propriety itself: "I think we ought not to stand and watch the royal family inside their own house any more."

When the hour arrived for the honeymoon couple's departure on the yacht *Britannia*, Dimbleby met the severest test of his career: Margaret and Tony were late, leaving Dick Dimbleboom to fill the BBC air with 55 minutes of spontaneous prose. It was a pukka job, a splendid sort of flight of the Dimbleby. He talked fluently of the Thames, sturdily of Tower Bridge, thickly of the city's occasional fog. Five helicopters coptered overhead. Mounting to lance, Dimbleby told his audience: "If I had a really good air gun, I'd know what to do with those five." When the couple arrived at last, Dimbleby sent the princess "down Father Thames and down to the sea" with the teleprayer that "the sun shine on her in all the years that lie beyond."

**Teleknight?** If he keeps it up, Richard Dimbleby may well become what many British show people hope he will be: the first knight of television. He has lent his faultless, icky-wicket comments to nearly every royal occasion since World War II, including the funeral of King George VI, the wedding and the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. A merry, good-tempered pro, he was the BBC's first war correspondent, even broadcast from a Royal Air Force bomber on a raid over Berlin. In 1945, he was arrested in Berlin by suspicious Russian soldiers, won his freedom by taking advantage of certain physical resemblances, glowingly insisting that he was "a Churchill."

For such royal ceremonies, he commands a fee of about \$1,500, once quipped: "What am I supposed to do between coronations—starve?" The joke had a comfortably hollow leg. Dimbleby is the most courted freelance broadcaster in Britain, covers state visits and elections, does two regular weekly shows, owns three provincial newspapers, a 30-acre farm, a 17th century pad, a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce.

With Dick Dimbleby aloft, BBC scored a clear victory over the competing ITV (commercial television), and its coverage was consummately skillful. With a total of 25 cameras inside the Abbey and well-spaced along the streets, British television showed a precision that was enough to jar U.S. pros out of their technical complacency. Handled by TV with grace and unflinching taste, the wedding was nonetheless a moving and spectacular show, and no spectator was more moved than Richard Dimbleby—described by a colleague as "the only man working in the Abbey [except for the groom] who owns his own morning coat," and by himself as "a monarchist through and through."

## HOLLYWOOD

### Musical Pairs

Viewing the permanent marriage crisis in Hollywood, the late Robert Benchley took the position that, like cinematography itself, the whole thing is an illusion; there really are no more divorces among film stars than among dentists, only more publicity. But, faced with never-ending divorce bulletins from Hollywood, puritans are certain that actors, unlike decent people, have the morals of hamsters. Cynics feel that actors—like hamsters—have the same unsteady morals as decent people, differ merely in having too much time, money and inclination. Psychologists set forth that anyone who becomes an actor in the first place must



ALLAN GROSS—LIFE

DIVORCEE PARKER  
Bones more appealing than flesh.

be a narcissist, yearning for ever-new romantic mirrors to provide adoration. Whatever the truth, from Hollywood last week the sound of distant sundering was louder than usual.

¶ Red-haired Lucille Ball, 48, who had once said of her 19-year-long marriage that she "never expected it to last six weeks," divorced Desi Arnaz, 43, calling the last few years a "nightmare" during which Desi became hysterically enraged at the slightest provocation—when water pipes burst in their Beverly Hills mansion or when he could not find a jacket he wanted to wear. The split: for Lucy, their two children, half of their \$20 million Desilu TV interests, the leaky mansion, two station wagons, a cemetery plot at Forest Lawn. For Desi: the other half of the \$20 million, a golf cart, a membership in a Palm Springs country club, a truck, several horses.

¶ Lank Model Suzy Parker, 27, a red-head whose peculiar talent is to make bones look even more appealing than flesh, finally conceded that, after almost five years with Paris Reporter Pierre de



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TIME, MAY 16, 1960

la Salle (one child), it was all over. Some months ago, Suzy had given an interesting description of her marriage: "An American girl is against everything a Frenchman stands for. I've been told I can't cook, I can't sew, and I'm not fit to be a wife. If I speak French to him, he speaks English. If I speak English, he says I make no effort to speak French. It's O.K.; I'm playing along with the game, and when the right moment comes I'll let him have it right between the eyes."

¶ Terrible-tempered Bette Davis, 52, charged her fourth husband, dour Actor Gary Merrill, 44, with extreme cruelty, asked for alimony, will have a new co-star when she takes *The World of Carl Sandburg* to Broadway in September.

¶ At an acrimonious custody hearing, Anna Kashfi turned on her ex-husband, Marlon Brando, and sneered, "You slob."

¶ TV Actor Eifrem Zimbalist Jr., star of *77 Sunset Strip*, left home and the knowing say, will seek a divorce. The trouble: his wife, Stephanie Spalding, likes horses and he doesn't. Also, he likes Starlet Kipp Hamilton and she, naturally, doesn't.

¶ "Attractively ravaged, exhausted-looking" Broadway and Hollywood Producer Leland (*South Pacific*) Hayward, 57, showed how he earned the description given him by a friend. A few hours after he was divorced by his third wife, Nancy ("Slim") Hayward, in Las Vegas, he married Pamela Churchill, 40, ex-wife of Sir Winston's fustian son, Randolph, Pamela, daughter of Baron Digby, had been reported friendly since her divorce from Randolph with a Rothschild, a Fiat executive and a U.S. TV oracle. Says a (female) friend: "She is a quiet, appealing temptress with a soft, lovely voice, who plays up enchantingly to men. She just can't help being a siren."

## IMPRESARIOS

### The Man Who Sold Parsley

Fawn-colored pants, white shoes, a pink satin shirt with ELVIS embroidered on the back and a small Presley hat decorated with the hero's picture—all these festooned a fat, balding, cigar-smoking man in a four-room executive suite on the Paramount lot in Hollywood. Thomas Andrew ("Colonel") Parker, 49, is the discoverer, manager and part owner of Elvis Presley; although he tries very hard to look every inch a rube, he is known on all horizons of show business as the shrewdest pitchman who ever came out of a small-time carry into the big time.

Although he has a sizable cut of Presley's estimated \$2,000,000 a year income, Parker still clings to his carry ways. Once when Elvis appeared at Dallas' Cotton Bowl, Hollywood friends found Manager Parker near the main gate, selling Presley-autographed photos. His explanation: "Don't you ever get so big you won't sell pictures." He has sold other things, too, at Presley performances. Bucking custom, he makes newsmen pay for their own tickets, seldom passes out freebies even to close business associates, has been known to peddle war-surplus binoculars (at \$2 a

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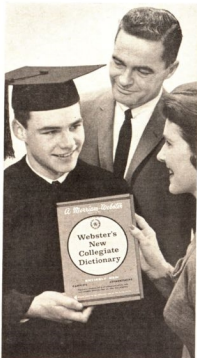
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INSIST ON

# MERRIAM- WEBSTER

Other "Webster's" do not even include the Latin names for plants and animals, or rules for spelling and punctuation, essential for students. Be sure to get the dictionary that meets all requirements of school, home, and office: always ask for a Merriam-Webster.

pair) to buddies who ended up in poor locations.

**Cash in Advance.** With Elvis just discharged from the Army and hotter than a radioactive yam—his new record, *Stuck on You*, is boiling with sales, and shooting began last week on his new movie, *G.I. Blues*—Parker is busier than ever filling out deposit slips. This week on ABC-TV, Frank Sinatra and his fellow clansmen are welcoming Elvis home—and the gesture is costing Frankie \$125,000. This time the Colonel will accept a check, but he usually prefers cash—in advance. Las Vegas' gaudy New Frontier once pleaded that its check was as good as anyone's. "No check is good," replied the Colonel, his eyes soft as ball bearings. "Some are pretty good, but they got an atom-bomb testing place out there in the desert. What if some feller pressed the wrong button?"

Presley depends completely on Parker, never talks to the press unless the Colonel nods, is content to look after the hips while the man he calls Admiral looks after the Presley legend. Meanwhile, a legend is growing around Parker himself that might very well reduce P. T. Barnum to the size of Tom Thumb.

**Empty Franks.** The least surprising fact of Tom Parker's life is that it began in a traveling carnival which his parents worked. Orphaned as a child, he worked for his uncle's Great Parker Pony Circus, had his own pony-and-monkey act when he was in his teens. Barker, merry-go-round operator, candied-apple dipper, ice shaver for snow cones and general man-about-the-midway, he once took a job as a dogcatcher in Tampa, Fla., where he gave away hundreds of puppies to kids.

During the '30s, running a frankfurter concession, Parker beat the foot-long hot-dog fad by using foot-long buns, sticking a bit of frank into each end, and filling up the middle with onions. When the suckers howled, he pointed to little chunks of hot dog previously arranged on the ground, said: "You dropped your meat, son, now just move along." Later, as a carry presagent, he got interested in singers, profitably managed Gene Austin, Hank Snow and Eddie Arnold before he found the boy with the coin in the groin.

**Horsehair Curls.** It was Presley who came to Parker: by 1955 the Colonel (the title, he claims, is an honor conferred on him by several Governors) was the top manager in the country-music field. Elvis then had little more than a guitar and an inguino-cutaneous tremor—"Who is Presley?" Parker's friends kept asking him—but RCA was looking for just such a boy and had been trying to buy Presley's contract from Sun records without success. Freelancer Parker talked RCA into putting up \$35,000, an unheard-of sum for a relative unknown. Sun sold.

Many big-time singers cut up to eight records a year. Fearing overexposure, Parker drew the line at three. Nevertheless RCA has signed Elvis to a rumored \$1,000,000, ten-year contract, now depends on Elvis for an estimated 10% of its business. The Colonel promotes unstintingly. As in his carry days, he has



PITCHMAN PARKER  
With eyes as soft as ball bearings.

rented elephants and advertised his client with posters placed on their flanks, hired midgets to parade as the Elvis Presley Midget Fan Club, closed deals with notions manufacturers who are licensed to peddle 78 articles bearing the Presley name, from T shirts to lipsticks.

But he will not do just anything for money. When Elvis was drafted, one sharpie offered Parker a \$500,000 guarantee if he would okay the sale of packets of horsehair as wisps clipped from the singer by military barbers. Parker said no. On the other hand, he also refused to let Elvis go into Special Services and spend two years entertaining troops. "A sure way to debase your merchandise," he said, "is to give it away."

**Head Dogcatcher.** Parker is proud to style himself the "Imperial Potentate" of American snowmen, proclaims solemnly: "One never snows anyone other than to do good; never take advantage of anyone that you have been able to snow under." Much of the snow these days comes from his office in his Madison, Tenn. home—which is wedged between a gas station and a used-car lot—where the Colonel keeps fresh the country touch. He and his wife have no children, give most of their time to a large garden, once kept a string of ponies and rented them out to all comers.

Another sideline is the planning of his autobiography, a book that will have (or so he says) one chapter about Parker, then one chapter of ads, another about Parker, then more ads. "One publisher called me and said he'd give me \$100,000 for it. I told him, 'Well, I guess I could let you have the back cover for that.'"

What if, after all, Old Soldier Elvis fades away? Parker gives a carry man's shrug. "He could go back to drivin' a truck. And I could always go back to bein' a dogcatcher. Head dogcatcher, that is."





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## Mississippi Mud

"All of us ought to be against anything in our textbooks that would teach subversion or integration," cried fiery Ross Barnett, a white supremacist who happens to be Governor of Mississippi. Last week Barnett got a new blunderbuss to crush the forces of darkness: he took over the selection of all public-school textbooks in Mississippi. No other U.S. Governor can boast such power.

Under the old (and typically American) system, Mississippi's state superintendent of education appointed committees of teachers to recommend books to local school boards. But the system seemed perilous to the Daughters of the American Revolution, who found the words of many a "subversive" author passing before the eyes of schoolchildren. Among such authors (most of them in standard anthologies of American literature): Novelist Jack London, Playwright Arthur Miller, Poets Carl Sandburg and Archibald MacLeish.

When the D.A.R. protested to former Governor J. P. Coleman in 1958, he defended the book-buying system and managed to keep it intact. When Governor Barnett took office last January, he agreed with the D.A.R., as well as with the equally agitated American Legion and Citizens' Councils.

Up before the state house of representatives last week was a senate-approved bill empowering the Governor to appoint four members of each seven-man committee in some 40 categories of books. (The Governor already heads a state board that buys books chosen by the schools.) "Clean up our textbooks," urged Barnett. "Our children must be properly informed of the Southern and true American way of life."

Legislators pointed out that the Governor's appointees need not even be educators. Said one house member: "You are setting into motion the greatest juggernaut of thought control ever devised by man." But the majority ruled. By a vote of 82 to 44, the house sent on the bill for Barnett's signature.

## One of the Gang

Every morning, the big yellow school bus picks up Susanne Slay, 8, at her home in suburban Crestwood near St. Louis. The bright second-grader studies hard, plays hard, tackles one hour of homework each night. Why is this surprising? The daughter of a sales engineer, Susanne is a victim of cerebral palsy, wears heavy braces on both legs.

Susanne is one of 1,500 youngsters in the first school district catering entirely to handicapped children. There is nothing similar to it in the U.S. Last week, as the experiment neared the end of its first year, educators from across the nation arrived to inspect and admire it. They agreed that many a U.S. suburb might well copy it.



SUSANNE SLAY (LEFT) IN NEW CLASS FOR HANDICAPPED CHILDREN  
New realities, and new dreams that can come true.

Art Fillmore

**Drive, Drive, Drive.** Like many such areas, growing St. Louis County (pop. 700,000) had long slighted handicapped students. Though such children are on the increase (because of life-saving modern medicine), the county was typical in having only a small number out of its total 150,000 school students. Along with 1,100 mentally retarded youngsters, the physically handicapped simply went to regular schools. Results were poor, sometimes disastrous.

When Susanne began first grade in a regular school, only her mother's iron persistence kept her there. Ruth Slay drove to the school three times a day—once to deliver Susanne, once to help her go to the cafeteria, finally to bring her home. The child made little progress.

To solve such problems, the state legislature approved the county's special district in 1957. By a 6-to-1 majority, the voters authorized an extra property tax to run it. Purpose: to gather all handicapped students in one public school system, give maximum attention to developing their strongest assets.

**Shoes & College.** Launched last fall, the new setup (budget: \$1,400,000) is run by able, crew-cut Superintendent Morvin A. Wirtz, 40, a therapy expert with a doctorate in special education. His sprawling domain covers 496 square miles. It has 25 buses that cover 2,500 miles a day, 156 special teachers, and six small buildings. (A recent tax boost will raise three big buildings.) Wirtz is also responsible for speech training (6,000 students) in regular schools, but the handicapped are his chief concern. Says he: "We have the potential for developing the best special-education program in the country."

For the first time, 150 children with IQs from 25 to 48 have begun learning simple tasks under the guidance of patient teachers. "I've seen children eight years old who couldn't tie their shoes,"

says Wirtz. "Here they learn in two weeks." Normally intelligent apophyses, unable to speak because of brain damage, have mastered the gift of language. The deaf and the crippled, unable to get proper training before, now get it as a matter of course. For those with orthopedic ailments, such aids as electric typewriters free them to use their minds. Dozens of handicapped children are on the road to college at last.

Physically, Susanne Slay has so improved by lifting weights with her legs and practice stair climbing that now she uses crutches instead of a four-wheel walker. Her doctor is even planning corrective leg-muscle surgery, an impossibility last year. Academically, she has made such progress that she could easily step into a regular school again. But the camaraderie of her new one suits her better. "I feel like one of the gang now," says she. "This school is just for me."

## Can You Budge the System?

In the small town of Spencer, Ind., one night last week, Hardware Dealer Richard Lewis dropped in on the school board meeting to raise a point of order. His son Timothy, 10, is an ace speller—according to the 100 grades he scores on fifth-grade tests at school. But when it comes to writing, Timothy can't spell, not even such simple words as *bad*, *they* and *built*. Like many a U.S. student, he has learned to memorize only what he needs to know for a quiz. "I don't think I'm getting the benefit of my tax dollar when it comes right down to it," Father Lewis told the astonished board. The members agreed that he might have a point, then got on to other business. Said Lewis later: "I'm not mad at anyone. I simply feel the kids are not learning the mechanics of spelling. But I know you can't budge a school system and a method of teaching, can you?"

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## The Wandering Armenian

"I am interested," says Alan Hovhanness, "only in serenity of the mind." In his search for it, Composer Hovhanness is traveling around the world, and during the trip—working in railway coaches, airplanes, steamy hotel rooms—he has serenely turned out four symphonies, one opera, a concerto and four piano pieces. Last week in Tokyo he displayed some of the fruits of serenity to warmly applauding Japanese.

In his 49 years, estimates Composer Hovhanness, he has probably written 1,200 pieces, including 16 symphonies. In 1943 he destroyed almost everything he had written up to that point—seven symphonies and packing cases full of shorter works with which he was dissatisfied—but he still remains a prolific and widely performed composer.

Much of his music, by his own testimony, "derives from a time and place different than ours—from ancient principles and ancient cultures. The study of Eastern music is my lifework." A largely self-taught composer, Hovhanness owes more to the *ragas* of India and the folk dances of his father's native Armenia than to the European modernists under whose influence most U.S. composers are reared. In the streets of India and the theaters of Japan, says Hovhanness, he heard oblique echoes of his own work.

**Delphin Grandeur.** The compositions of Alan Hovhanness, wrote one Japanese critic, "are like Japanese scrolls. As they are rolled out, they reveal new images and their message bit by bit. Western classical music in comparison is like a photographic print." Japanese audiences heard Hovhanness conduct several of his older works—*Psalm and Fugue*, the 28-minute *Concerto No. 8*—plus two brand-new works written in transit: *Symphony No. 8*, subtitled "Arjuna," after the name of a mythical hero from Indian folklore; and the choral piece *Fuji* (based on an 8th century Japanese poem beginning: "As I stepped out on the beach of Tago, I saw snow falling on Mount Fuji").

The Japanese were intrigued by Hovhanness' trancelike, tranquilly breathing music, with its long, curving melodic lines running side by side yet independent of one another, its use of Eastern dance patterns, its little swirling eddies of sound. So far, Japanese audiences have not heard the Hovhanness work most frequently played in the U.S.—*Mysterious Mountain*, a spacious, broadly flowing 17-minute work that conveys an almost Delphian sense of grandeur.

**Nomadic Life.** One reason that Hovhanness has been able to turn out so much is that he started at four—a year before Mozart—and has been hard at it ever since. A chemistry professor's son from suburban Boston (original family name: Chakmakjian), he studied briefly at the New England Conservatory, got his first taste of Eastern music from the colony



Kenichi Haneda

ALAN HOVHANNES  
Compositions like Japanese scrolls.

of transplanted Armenians in and around Boston, promptly scrapped the romantic Sibelian-flavored music he had been writing and started over again. He now carries a note pad with him wherever he goes, finds that ideas are likely to "come tumbling out when I'm listening to speeches or riding on trains." As he left Japan this week, he was working simultaneously on two new symphonies (the 10th and 11th), planned to stop only briefly in the U.S. before wandering on to Switzerland. "At the moment," says Alan Hovhanness, "the nomadic life is a necessity. I want to be where I can see and hear."

## Migratory Conductors

Orchestra conductors, like the fork-tailed petrel, tend to be migratory in the spring. Among this season's notable migrations:

¶ As a replacement for the late Eduard van Beinum, the **Los Angeles Philharmonic** announced the appointment of Hungarian-born Georg Solti, 47, now musical director of the excellent Frankfurt Opera. Solti has guest-conducted most major U.S. orchestras, built a reputation in Europe as a fine interpreter of Mozart and Wagner, next season will make his debut at the Metropolitan Opera conducting a revival of *Tannhäuser*. But his main enthusiasm, he has said, is symphonic conducting, particularly in the U.S. Says he: "This is the country of the future. And it has a growing music tradition. I like something that is building."

¶ Leopold Stokowski, 78, closed out his fifth season as conductor of the **Houston Symphony** by praising Manager Thomas Johnson as "a man who can get along with a difficult conductor like me," then announced that he will leave his Texas



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podium next year. Generally liked in Houston, Stokowski was occasionally criticized, first for pushing too many modern works, then for moving in the opposite direction and pandering to the city's "roast beef appetite." Nevertheless, the city got a good financial return on Stokowski's reported \$35,000 annual salary: ticket sales increased 86%. So far, no successor for Stokowski's job has been found; Sir John Barbirolli turned it down.

Antal Dorati, 54, decided to call it quits after eleven years with the **Minneapolis Symphony**, plans to spend the next two or three years as a freelance conductor, mostly in Europe. A vigorous orchestra builder (he virtually remade the Dallas Symphony between 1945 and 1948), Hungarian-born Dorati took over the Minneapolis from Dimitri Mitropoulos in



STANISLAW SKROWACZEWSKI  
Easier to praise than pronounce.

1948, extended the orchestra's repertoire and season, but now feels that he can push the orchestra no further. Says Dorati blandly: "An artist of my caliber—and I am one of the best—must always be building." Replacing Dorati in Minneapolis is Polish Conductor-Composer Stanislaw Skrowaczewski (pronounced Stan-is-waff Skro-vah-cheff-ski), whose name is giving his new home town so much trouble that even the press release announcing his appointment misspelled it. A onetime student of France's famed Nadia Boulanger, Conductor Skrowaczewski, 36, became prominent after the war as a vigorous champion of modern music, in rapid succession directed three of Poland's top orchestras, also found time to write four symphonies, a ballet, four string quartets and a score of smaller works. When he made his U.S. debut with the Cleveland Orchestra last season, he was generously cheered by audience, musicians and critics, one of whom reported that the guest conductor left him "spellbound, transfixed, electrified."





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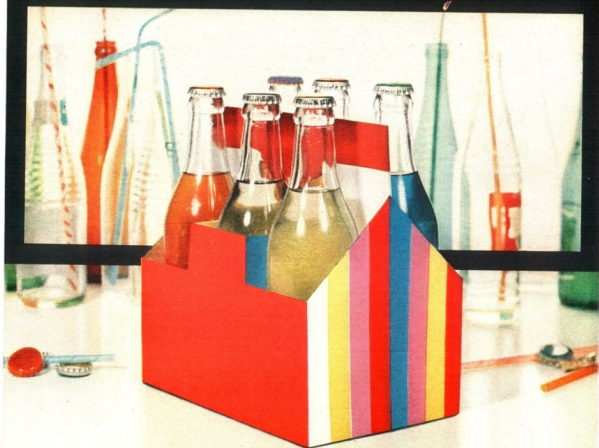
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## THE PRESS

### The Years Without Ross

Someone once asked Harold Ross, founder, editor, and professionally terrible-tempered boss of *The New Yorker*, what would become of the magazine after his death. "It will go its own goddam way, I guess," he replied. Ross was not quite right. Last week, nine years after his death from cancer, *The New Yorker* was still trying to go Ross's way. But one vital element was missing: the quality of editorial goddamishness that Ross himself gave the magazine.

From the figure it cuts in the accounting department, things could hardly be

present magazine, like many of its ads, seems aimed directly at suburban ladies from coast to coast. Last month, after 31 years, *The New Yorker* finally abolished its New York regional edition.

Many of its demanding fans, and even some of its own writers, sigh that the magazine has become afflicted with middle-aged spread. Profiles that once ran in two parts now run in three, and in the case of S. N. Behrman's recent seven-part profile on Max Beerbohm, a good-sized short story might have been told in the space it took Behrman just to arrive at his first meeting with Beerbohm, outside Rapallo. William Shawn, Ross's successor as editor, once told a friend over a drink: "The stories just seem to get longer—I don't know why."

A slight, polite, shy man of 52, Shawn was groomed for years to take over. An old *New Yorker* hand recalls Shawn's arrival on the staff in 1933: "To him, it was like entering the priesthood." Says James Thurber, the peerless humorist, now 65, who chronicled the earlier era in *The Years with Ross*: "There was no question that Ross wanted Shawn to succeed him, and the whole staff was pulling for him, too." It still is. Shawn is a gentle boss, and so sensitive to writers' feelings that he once called Drama Critic Kenneth Tynan in Havana to ask permission to change a comma. But this punctilious deference to writers' words may explain the magazine's increased windiness. Both fact and fiction pieces tend to run on interminably. As one writer puts it, "Everybody's pieces but mine are too long."

On a Lonely Island. A more serious complaint is that the tried and true *New Yorker* formulas of the 1920s and '30s are out of place in the 1960s. The shapeless, plotless *New Yorker* short-story form tends more and more to pedestrian tales of the Irish moors and "When-I-was-a-child-in-Afghanistan-my-grandmother-used-to-tell-me" reminiscences. *The New Yorker's* cartoons still run faithfully to prisoners or to strangles on lonely islands. "I get awfully sick of prison pictures," admits Art Director James Geraghty, "but they keep coming in, and sometimes they're funny." Profilers who once chronicled the great, the powerful and the eccentric now lean heavily to such personalities as winetasters and Hebrew-language scholars, generally avoid politics.

Under Shawn, few deliberate changes have been made in *The New Yorker* (exception: a jazz buff himself, Shawn has added an excellent jazz column written by Whitney Balliett). Says one *New Yorker* critic: "Ross was the innovator. Shawn is the curator." Another puts it more harshly: "It's the difference between genius and talent."

Yet it was Shawn who persuaded a skeptical Ross to introduce the magazine's excellent World War II coverage, and to devote an entire issue to John Hersey's report on Hiroshima. Shawn is now handi-

capped by the fact that most of the writers (Thurber, E. B. White, Wolcott Gibbs, Clifton Fadiman, Joel Sayre, Alva Johnston, et al.) and cartoonists (Peter Arno, Helen Hokinson, O. Soglow, Gardner Rea, et al.) who made *The New Yorker* famous have either died, wandered off to the suburbs, or become infrequent contributors. E. B. White's civilized despair and gentle celebration of nature is now rarely to be found in "The Talk of the Town," while he hibernates in Maine. No bright new crop of writers or artists seems to have come along since Ross's day. Best of the new crop: Short-Story Writer John Updike. The magazine still has a first-rate music critic in Winthrop Sargeant, but most of its critical departments have lost their edge. The magazine has been unable



Hilde Hubback

EDITOR SHAWN

The difference between talent...

better; circulation is up \$1,500, to 427,000, since Ross died. The sophistication that used to be found in the wit of contributors has been successfully transferred to the advertising pages, which are the glittering showcase of the Madison Avenue specialty shop, inhabited by more Virginia hams and truffled *pâté*, glittering gems and vintage brandies than any other major magazine. Last year's \$17,751,924 gross and \$1,985,785 profit set all-time records, and one share of *New Yorker* stock, valued at \$30 in 1925, is worth \$1,440 in 1960, figuring stock splits. But has success spoiled *The New Yorker*?

**Middle-Aged Spread.** In the old days, *The New Yorker* glibed at success and played to an intellectual—not a financial—snobbery. The tone was waspish and metropolitan. Ross scorned the opinions of "the old lady in Dubuque,"\* but the



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FOUNDER ROSS

...and genius.

to develop a book critic to rival Clifton Fadiman at his best, or of the stature of Edmund Wilson, whose occasional *New Yorker* reviews, however, run more often to the heavy than to the brilliant.

It is a fact of the super-sleek 1960 *New Yorker* that those who love it most worry about it the most. Contributor Phyllis McGinley thinks of *The New Yorker* as the place where she was "first published, weaned, pruned and loved." Says she: "Whereas I once read it cover to cover, now I read it like a tired businessman. It's no longer a funny magazine; yet it isn't a literary magazine either. They still seem to think they're witty and sophisticated, but they're not. They're afraid of originality."

Humorist Thurber tends to blame *The New Yorker's* drawbacks on the changing tastes of the times: "The *New Yorker* has represented every damn decade in which it's been published. In the '20s, humorists were a dime a dozen; every-

\* *The New Yorker* now has 97 subscribers in Dubuque, including several old ladies.

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one was drinking champagne and cutting up neckties. In 1960, everyone's talking too much, reminiscing about his childhood. You can't get humor into the magazine if people aren't writing it."

### The Birmingham Story

*Birmingham whites and blacks share a community of fear . . . Every channel of communication, every medium of mutual interest, every reasoned approach, every inch of middle ground has been fragmented by the emotional dynamite of racism, reinforced by the whip, the razor, the gun, the bomb, the torch, the club, the knife, the mob . . . Telephones are tapped . . . Mail is intercepted and opened . . . The eavesdropper, the spy and the informer have become a fact of life.*

So wrote New York Timesman Harrison Salisbury last month in a two-part story on race tensions in Birmingham, Ala. As might be expected, Salisbury's molten prose brought an immediate outcry from Birmingham.

To the Times came a letter from Birmingham's three city commissioners demanding speedy retraction and a public apology. A second letter came from Birmingham's Committee of 100, composed of businessmen who try to win new industry for their city, and the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce: they complained that the stories were "biased, warped, and misleading. The facts as adduced by Mr. Salisbury were either outright misstatements or, what is worse, half-truths."

**Full & Balanced?** Salisbury stuck to his guns and so did the Times. Wrote Managing Editor Turner Catledge in two rare signed statements: "The Times standards require the reporting of the news in its fullest and most balanced form . . . The New York Times has every confidence that Mr. Salisbury reported the situation as he saw it through the eyes of an objective newspaperman. He did not go to Birmingham 'seeking sensationalism' or anything else but the facts." Yet, Catledge admitted: "We recognize that the articles did not stress the obvious fact that an overwhelming percentage of the citizens of that city lead happy and peaceful lives in a growing and prosperous community. Nor did the articles stress the equally obvious fact that this substantial element of the citizenry deplores any lawlessness that may exist in their city and is working in its own way to correct and reduce such tensions as exist."

These were precisely the omissions that disturbed Birmingham.

How had Salisbury, who was based in New York, gone about getting his story? On arriving in Birmingham, he had picked up an initial list of some 15 names from the local Times stringer, spent the next 48 hours traveling around by himself interviewing Birmingham citizens. City officials say he did not interview them. "Why, we never even knew the man was in town," says City Commissioner James W. Morgan, who acts as Birmingham's mayor. "If we had, we would have been delighted to take him around to see both the good

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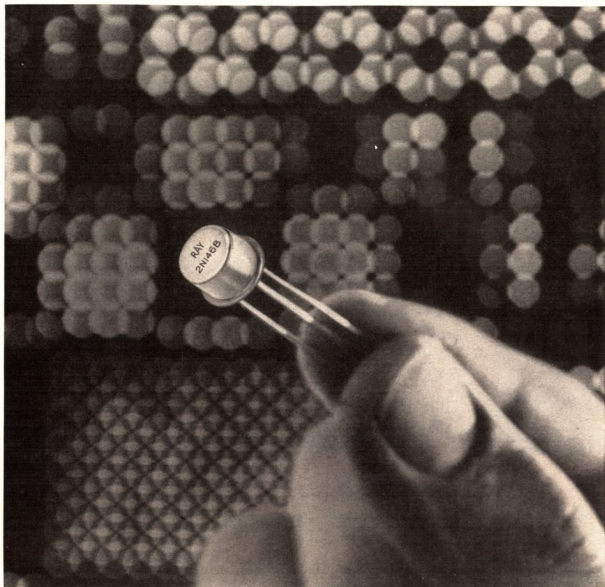
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TIME, MAY 16, 1960

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than you get in an average orange).

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Balance out your diet daily with this great new value in good nutrition. Get Kellogg's Concentrate... in your grocer's cereal section.

**KELLOGG'S OF BATTLE CREEK**



Ben Martin

THE "TIMES'S" HARRISON SALISBURY  
Biased, warped and misleading?

and the bad." The moderate leaders of the city's business community also complain that Salisbury snubbed them, argue that the extreme racists cited in the articles are not the true caretakers of the white viewpoint. The moderates state that Salisbury dealt with the worst examples of racial violence, created an illusion of perpetual strife, and overlooked the fact that Birmingham Negroes have the highest standard of living of any in the South.

**To the Test.** As for flat "misstatements," Birmingham's leaders deny that the views of John Crommelin, a retired Navy admiral running for the U.S. Senate on an anti-Negro, anti-Semitic platform, have, as Salisbury wrote, "a wider acceptance than many Alabamians will admit." Fact: running in a gubernatorial election in 1958, Extremist Crommelin polled 2,245 out of 681,000 votes.

Last week Salisbury's objectivity and the *Times's* responsibility were put to a legal test by the city of Birmingham. In the Federal District Court for North Alabama, City Commissioners James W. Morgan, Eugene ("Bull") Connor and J. T. Waggoner filed a \$1,500,000 libel suit against the *Times* and Salisbury, charged that the articles "falsely inferred and insinuated" that the city commissioners "encouraged racial hatred . . . and oppression of the Negro race."

### Hide & Seek

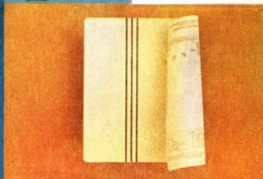
New Yorkers were buying their morning *Times* and afternoon *World-Telegram* and *Sun* under the counter at Union News Co. dealers last week. Reason: a campaign by Union News Co.'s President Henry Garfinkle to hike newsstand prices of the city's dailies to make up the cost of a dealer strike last winter. "All I want is my profit," said Garfinkle. His equally profit-minded dealers followed orders to "hide" the papers, but chanted to passers-by: "If you don't see it, ask for it."



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# Renaissance in Puerto Rico

## —as seen by a girl of fifteen

THE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL in the foreground of our photograph is fifteen. When she was born, Puerto Rico was a "stricken land."

We wish you could be here to talk to this Puerto Rican girl today.

She might start by telling you about everyday things. The good food her mother buys in the new supermarket. The new house her family lives in. Her father's job in one of Puerto Rico's new factories.

Then, as she warmed up, she would probably have something to say about her lessons and her teachers. How they teach her two languages—Spanish *and* English. How they take her to museums and art exhibitions and concerts.

And she would surely want to tell you about the interesting television programs that she and her classmates watch on Channel Six, an admirable new station in San Juan. Channel Six is

an *educational* station. And it broadcasts to a larger area than any other educational television station in the Western Hemisphere.

Education is one of the chief goals of Puerto Rico's remarkable new Operation *Serenity*. It receives nearly a third of Puerto Rico's entire budget. No other country except Israel spends so much of its budget on education.

Beyond this, the Commonwealth will actually dip into emergency funds to help a gifted student continue his studies.

Today, one third of Puerto Rico's total population is going to school—grade school, high school, vocational school, or one of the island's universities.

Puerto Rico is proud of her spectacular industrial renaissance. But this "sunny, scrubbed, and cultured land" is prouder still of the way her people are putting their prosperity to use.

©1960—Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

◀ Between classes at the Central High School in San Juan. Central High is especially proud of having built its own historical museum, and of having won the Puerto Rican basketball championship. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

## Disaster at the Inn

When he died on the French Riviera in 1955, genial Paul Roux had no bank account and less than \$100 in cash, but he was still able to leave behind a fortune. "This bouquet, this Colombe d'Or," he wrote to his son Francis, "I leave to you." The Golden Dove was his hotel-restaurant in tiny Saint-Paul-de-Vence—a restaurant like no other in the world.

From his earliest days as the *patron* in the 1920s, Roux had found himself fascinated by the customers he got. They were an impassioned, talkative lot who came all the way from Paris to paint in the warm sunshine of Saint-Paul-de-Vence. Soutine took a room at the Golden Dove, and so did Braque, Bonnard, Léger and Utrillo. There was no end to the procession of great names who ate there. The artists seemed to like Roux, for they showed him with paintings, either as gifts or for a modest *prix d'ami*. As the years passed, Roux's collection grew and grew.

"We've Been Robbed!" Like his father, Francis Roux did not believe in insurance, though sometimes as a precaution he would take some of his most treasured paintings up to bed with him at night. But one night a few weeks ago, he did not

even bother to do that. Sure enough, when he came down next morning, the walls of his dining room were bare. "We've been robbed!" he screamed, as his wife and mother burst into tears. Gone were three Braques, three Lésers, a Picasso, Modigliani, Buffet, Dufy, Miró, Matisse, Bonnard, Utrillo, Valadon, Laurencin, Derain, Bazaine, Pascin and a Rouault.

Giant headlines flashed the news all over France: it was painfully reminiscent of the sensational art robbery of 1911 when the Mona Lisa disappeared from the Louvre for nearly two years. The police sprang into action. They got word that one "Gaby" Rouze was boasting in the bistros of how he had helped pull the job. Once gabby Gaby was in the clink, other characters began landing there, too. Finally, the police arrested "Loulou le Belge," accused him of hiding the paintings for 48 hours in his apartment in Nice. But where were the paintings now? Loulou shrugged that he did not know.

**Who Knows?** By last week, the police seemed to be more confused than ever. Gaby Rouze told of having had dealings with "two women" who tried to buy the paintings with counterfeit bills. Later the police were sent off on a wild-goose chase to a supposed cache in a deserted grange

in Antibes. Francis Roux has received three ransom notes demanding \$8,000, \$12,000 and finally, \$16,000. Last week the police arrested a sixth suspect, who they think may have had the paintings for a while and then passed them on. But to whom? The suspect merely shrugged.

Though the stolen paintings are valued at close to half a million dollars, Francis Roux still has his consolations: 4,000 other canvases that his father had only briefly hung. And his father's old friends are being more than sympathetic. Upon reading of the robbery, Bernard Buffet promptly sent Roux a painting of a ram's head to replace the Golden Dove's stolen fish.

## Poet in the Square

All her adult life, Isabel Bishop, 58, has been obsessed with the idea of movement, but she herself changes outwardly hardly at all. Each morning, as she has for the last 26 years, she leaves her Riverdale, N.Y. home with her husband, Neurologist Harold G. Wolff, and boards a train for Manhattan. At Grand Central, the doctor and the artist part, he to go north by subway to his office, she to go south to her studio on Union Square. There Isabel Bishop calmly takes command of a world she has made her own.

Last week her world was on view for the first time in five years at Manhattan's Midtown Galleries. In those five years,

## DRAMATIST IN WOOD



ON Aug. 9 in the year 1384, a farmer came upon a Holy Host while plowing in his field in the Bavarian town of Creglingen. On that spot, the Lords of Hohenlohe-Braunneck decided to build a chapel, and it is said that so many pilgrims flocked to see the Host that the town was eventually able to afford the finest altarpiece money could buy. Then came the Reformation, and the pilgrimages ceased. For centuries the great carving was all but forgotten; only a trickle of travelers took the trouble to visit it until after World War II. Last week the Creglingen tourist office proudly predicted that this year's visitors will reach at least 168,000.

It was not until 1880 that the sculptor of the altarpiece was even known. Many scholars doubted that it was originally intended for the out-of-the-way chapel at all. Yet the altarpiece did exactly fit the altar table, and at certain times the afternoon sun would stream through the western rose window to light up the face of the Virgin Mary. It was to Mary that the linen triptych was dedicated.

From the Annunciation to her Assumption and her final crowning, Mary's life, both on earth and in heaven, is re-enacted in a series of shell-like stages that were one of the hallmarks of the Renaissance sculptor, Tilman Riemenschneider. He had come to Würzburg in 1483 as a painter's apprentice, rose to be city councilor and finally mayor. Then, during the Peasants' War, he flatly refused the bishop's order to take a stand against the rebels. He was stripped of his honors, "harshly judged and tortured," and legend has it that all his fingers were smashed.

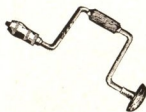
Riemenschneider's altarpieces are the work of a man who was dramatist as well as sculptor. His figures, like actors in a play, take life from each other. When a climax comes, as in the Assumption (see color) the scene bursts with sudden passion. The wooden eyes fill with wonder, and the apostles' faces soundlessly proclaim their unforgettable experience of agony and awe.

THE CREGLINGEN ALTARPIECE





IN THE CENTER of the altarpiece, Riemenschneider shows Mary, newly risen from the grave, ascending to heaven, while all about her, apostles watch in adoration.



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**Santa Fe**



Walter Doran

### PAINTER BISHOP

Catch the moment without stopping it.

her output has been small, for she is a perfectionist who is merciless with herself. But her new drawings and eleven paintings are proof again of why she has won not only fame but an affection that is rare in a highly charged profession that often seems at war with itself.

A slender, birdlike woman with an enthusiasm that never runs down, Isabel Bishop was 16 when she started training for a career at the New York School of Applied Design for Women. At the time, she loathed the drudgery of "drawing, drawing, drawing," but she learned to be grateful for it. In 1934 she leased her present studio, and Union Square became her subject. She sketched the lounging bums ("America's only 'leisure class'"), drew the men and women hurrying past a drugstore, or bending over a fountain to get a quick drink, or just eating a hotdog. The waitresses and working girls about the square had a special fascination, for they, too, represented movement. In the U.S., says Isabel Bishop, giving an artist's nod to sociology, the working girl has no intention of standing still: she is determined to move up in the world, and "all her children will go to college." As the years passed, the Bishop Girl became a kind of trademark.

More recently, Artist Bishop has become increasingly fascinated by the subway. "Why? I wish I knew! But here people are always going or coming. This is not a place to stay; there is always movement." She can give the Union Square station some of the mystery of a cathedral; yet her people make their entrances and exits, and the trains rush in and out again, and life moves on. Her problem is what it has always been: how to catch the fleeting moment without freezing its flight. Isabel Bishop's brush creates a vibrant shimmer and veils her everyday dramas in a magic mist that evokes a sense of timelessness.

## MISCELLANY

**Brandy, Anyone?** On Mount Baldy, Calif., humans rescued a Saint Bernard named Simón Bolívar who got stuck on a ledge.

**Playing Square.** In Denver, police jailed two beatniks after they jeopardized their social standing by furnishing their "pad" with eight \$50 cushions, two birch doors (for coffee tables) and two vacuum cleaners—all stolen.

**Featherbedding.** In Lordsburg, N.Mex., after insurance companies complained that truckloads of perishable goods were being spoiled by undue delays at a restaurant frequented by truck drivers, state police raided the place, charged two women with prostitution and vagrancy.

**Stirs & Stripes.** In Lakeland, Fla., ten prisoners at the city stockade were put on a three-day diet of bread and water after staging a sit-down strike and refusing "to work in stripes like criminals."

**Hot Pursuit.** In Nashville, Tenn., while Traffic Cop T. J. Slowey hid behind a tree, watching for speeders, his motorcycle caught fire under him, burned up.

**Dig That Crazy Lima.** In San Diego, Eighth-Grader Diana Walter experimented with lima bean plants for a science class, exposed one to water and sun, another to water and popular music, found that the second plant grew faster.

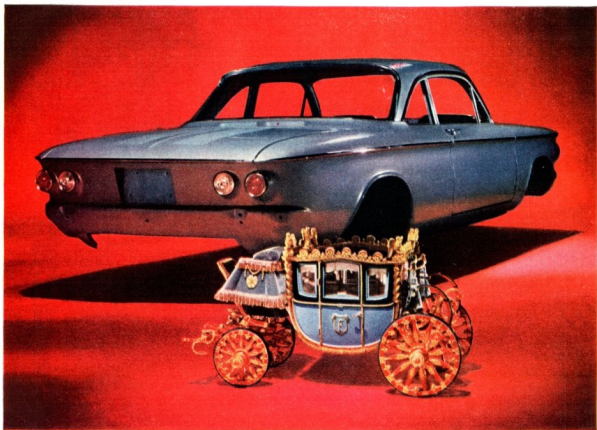
**Bid for Election.** In Hillsboro, N.C., John D. Larkins Jr., campaigning for governor, attended a livestock auction, waved so heartily to a potential voter that the auctioneer yelled "Sold," presented him with a \$15 calf.

**Paved with Good Intentions.** In Carsonville, Mich., enraged at the muddy road by his house, Benjamin Caswell stormed down to the county garage, started to drive away with the road grader but was stopped by the police.

**Stuffed Shirts.** In Washington, the General Services Administration announced it would auction 40,000 lbs. of feathers that had been declared surplus to the national stockpile of "critical and strategic materials."

**Food for Thought.** In Hove, England, thieves jumped a porter carrying a bag with \$8,000 worth of jewelry and a bag with a salmon sandwich in it, ran off with the sandwich.

**Better Luck Next Time.** In Hong Kong, while walking down a hall to his apartment, Law Kun-suk tore a pair of pants from an overhead line because it is supposed to be bad luck to walk under them, was clouted over the head by the irate owner, next day received a six-week jail sentence for property destruction.



# *Silent partner*

## BUILT-IN QUALITY OF BODY BY FISHER

Ride in a Corvair by Chevrolet and you ride in quiet, spacious comfort. The Exclusive Extra of Corvair's Uni strut Body by Fisher welds roof, floor, sides, frame and fenders into one sturdy steel unit to set new compact car standards of quiet and safety.

There's nothing like a new car. Be sure your next one has all the built-in quality extras of Body by Fisher: Magic-Mirror Finish • Sound Barrier Build Safety Plate Glass All Around • Vault Solid Doors Contour-Molded Carpets and Mats.



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Corvair 700 4-Door Sedan



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To power their great new jetliners, planemakers and airlines alike demand engines of proven dependability. For that reason, they chose the engines with unrivaled performance records powering jet fighters, tankers, and bombers. Today, 9 out of 10 Boeing and Douglas jetliners flying or on order are powered by *proven* jet engines from **Pratt & Whitney Aircraft** EAST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT / A DIVISION OF UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION



## The Outsider

For weeks, experts had said that the Kentucky Derby would be a private duel between California's stretch-running Tompion and Bally Ache, the Eastern colt with the early foot. All but shrugged off was Venetian Way, a handsome, blaze-faced colt who had won only two stakes races in a career of 14 starts. But on second sight (after the race) it turned out that the experts had forgotten some key points.

Venetian Way was completely recovered from a winter attack of bloodworms. He had given Bally Ache the race of his life in April's Florida Derby, losing by a nose. And the man who would be up on Venetian Way was arrogant Bill Hartack, 27, a cold-eyed opportunist who is at his best when the rewards are high.

With Venetian Way a 6-1 choice, Owner Isaac Blumberg, 72, a retired Illinois machine-tool manufacturer, nursed a double bourbon and pessimistically recalled 1958 when his Lincoln Road finished second to Tim Tam in both the Derby and the Preakness. Down in the paddock, Trainer Vic Savinski gave Hartack instructions: "You ought to be third or fourth going into the clubhouse turn, but lay back until the backstretch. Then go when you see your spot. It's up to you and him."

Out of the gate, Bally Ache bolted, as expected, to an early lead. Tompion challenged at the half, then went into one of his strange sulk and faded to fourth. As ordered, Hartack bided his time until he found the spot: in the far turn he put the whip to Venetian Way and blasted past Bally Ache to the lead. The stretch run was a piece of cake, but Hartack did not let up until Venetian Way, the outsider, had run off with the 86th Kentucky Derby by 3½ lengths.

## The Go-Go Karts

Until their engines start, the cars look like casual products of the neighborhood junkyard. The body is an open, tubular-steel chassis with a wheelbase of some 40 in., a bucket seat that rests a scant two inches above the ground. Knees stuffed under his chin, the driver cramps behind the wheel like a frog in a walnut. Then the two dinky, 6-h.p. engines perched behind the seat begin to snarl, and the bedspring contraption becomes a hot, highly engineered racing machine that can hit 85 m.p.h. on the straightaway, drift through corners like a Maserati. Says one driver: "The feeling of speed is fantastic! Even at 30 m.p.h. you feel like you're leading the pack at Le Mans."

**From Six to 60.** High sensation at relatively low speed and cost has turned the so-called "go kart" into the newest sensation in auto racing. Born in California three years ago, go karting has grown into a coast-to-coast sport and attracted something like 100,000 lead-footed devotees from six to 60. This year, say the addicts, another 100,000 will go kart crazy. New



RACING BRITISH TEN-YEAR-OLD  
Like a red-hot Porsche.

Camera Press-Pic

clubs are springing up at a one-a-day clip, and in California, a town of 5,000 can draw 10,000 visitors for a race. This week Westbury, L.I. will inaugurate a track for the tiny racers, one of 3,500 around the U.S. Nor is the U.S. alone in the sport; go karting is growing at full throttle in Europe, and colonies are flourishing in Australia, Peru and Mexico. Explains one official: "Every frustrated driver who could never afford a competition car is putting himself or his kid in a go kart."

Today's go karts are direct descendants of the first model put together in 1956 by a crack Los Angeles mechanic named Art Ingels, 41, who set out to build a cheap, pocket-sized racer in the spare time from his job of working on the "big cars" that race at Indianapolis. Ingels' prototype, made from spare parts, was powered by a lawn-mower engine. The new models are often precision-built from equipment specifically designed for go karts, including tires, tiny high-speed (up to 16,000 r.p.m.) engines, steering gears and bodies turned out by some 65 firms that know a good thing when they see it. The finished kart

can cost as little as \$150 (top speed: 38 m.p.h.) or as much as \$700 (85 m.p.h.). This year go karters will spend an estimated \$30 million on them.

**Handle with Care.** In the eyes of critics, go karters take plenty of chances for their money and fun. On the theory that it is better to be thrown clear of a flipping car than pinned beneath it, the drivers wear no safety belts, rely on heavy leather jackets for protection. Brakes are sometimes rudimentary; the steering is so sensitive that the slightest nudge of the wheel is enough to jerk the nose around. Most important, a 125-lb., 18-h.p. go kart can match a red-hot Porsche "Spyder" in weight-to-horsepower ratio, and is just as likely to spin out on high-speed curves. After turning two laps in a go kart, Sam Hanks, winner of the 1957 Indianapolis 500, pulled up with a sigh of relief: "This is the most overpowered car I've ever driven in my life."

The national clubs are doing their best to make the sport a little less hair-raising. California's Go Kart Club of America and Florida's Grand Prix Kart Club of Ameri-



RACING ADULTS IN CHICAGO  
Like a frog in a walnut.

UPI

# Four generations have felt the gracious impact of his help...

PERHAPS in every field there is a man who, beyond others, has a claim upon the applause and gratitude of his fellows. One man who epitomizes the success toward which all are working.

Such a man is Herman Duval.

For 55 years, he has been dedicated to safeguarding hopes and ambitions of families... helping stabilize their lives.

Herman Duval is a Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance agent.

In retrospect, it seems quite natural that he should have come to be called a dean in the life insurance business.

Yet one can't help asking what prompted a young lad, growing up in New York at the turn of the century, to become interested in insurance. Was it chance? In part, perhaps.

But when an improvident relative left his widow with only \$800 in life insurance, Herman Duval made up his mind that this wasn't going to happen to others in the family—or to anyone else he might influence. He entered upon his career with Northwestern Mutual.

Success came quickly. In his very first year he obtained applications for

\$300,000 in life insurance. And from there on his record soared. In some years, his clients signed for a total of \$4 million. And for 55 years, he has averaged over \$1 million a year in policies with Northwestern Mutual.

All this takes energy and enthusiasm of a high order; skill; gentleness; and a concern for others. Herman Duval finds it easy to envision behind each closed door a potential friend for life.

There are cases in which four generations in a single family have been protected through his help.

KARSH, OTTAWA



*Herman Duval, Special Agent, started his career with Northwestern Mutual in 1905. Still active in being of help to others, he was again among this company's leaders in 1959.*

**The NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company**

**"BECAUSE THERE IS A DIFFERENCE"**

TIME, MAY 16, 1960

## New Picture

**Flame over India** (Rank; 20th Century-Fox). The time is 1905, the place is India's wild northwest frontier, and the situation is jolly awkward. There in an isolated outpost sits a smallish British garrison, surrounded by hordes of Moslem tribesmen howling for the blood of a five-year-old Hindu rajah, the local British puppet. Any minute the walls may fall, and to make matters worse, Delhi cables a command: get the boy to Kalapur, and get him there fast. But 300 miles of rebel-infested territory lie between the

Always, Herman Duval puts the maximum of himself into his work. For him each family and business situation is something individual. It demands more than a routine answer. He lives that situation himself, thinks it through with professional care. The size of the policy never dictates the quality of the effort or service.

Naturally, Herman Duval's rewards from the life insurance field have been sizable, in keeping with his talents and hard work. But his real fascination for the business can be understood only when one appreciates the conviction he has about the good it can perform.

"It's a noble work," he'll tell you, "and one which could be ranked with clergyman-doctor-lawyer relationships when it comes to providing peace of mind and creating the climate in which people lead happy, productive lives.

"If I had it to do all over, I would still be in life insurance and still with Northwestern Mutual. In fact, my son took my advice to do just that."

This, then, is Herman Duval, a man of great heart and fruitful years. He has become a legend in his own time... outstanding symbol of all those who devote themselves to serving the policy-owners of Northwestern Mutual.

★

To some

this will suggest a career!

**T**HE kind of philosophy that Herman Duval expresses so well is not at all unusual among the representatives of Northwestern Mutual. It demonstrates that there is a difference among life insurance companies.

For these men have their sights set high. They are not in this work just to make a living. They want to help bring security to families in a world that can be frighteningly insecure.

And they realize that through Northwestern Mutual they have an unparalleled opportunity to do this. For this company provides the training and background a man needs to make his service to others most effective.

Moreover, this company, one of the largest, has an enviable reputation for low net cost. Dividends to policyowners have just been increased for the eighth consecutive year!

If you, or a friend, would be interested in learning more about our company services or its career opportunities, write: The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Dept. T-385, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

ca have both set up rigorous standards for their races. The Go Kart Club does not allow anyone under 16 to race, claims it has never had a fatal accident in an authorized race. So does the Grand Prix, though its rules permit six-year-olds to race karts held down to 30 m.p.h. and twelve-year-olds to compete in the karts that will turn 85 m.p.h. What both clubs fear is the unsupervised novice who spins around suburban lanes, and the impromptu races held in supermarket parking lots. Last year's casualty list, according to the National Safety Council: five killed. Admits Grand Prix Founder Sherman ("Red") Crise: "If not handled with care, a kart can be darned dangerous. We have to make this sport safe or we'll be out of business in six months."

The Sports Car Club of America still shuns the upstart go kart as unsafe and undignified. But many a driver of 150-m.p.h. racers keeps a go kart in his backyard, insists that the wide-tread width (two-thirds of the wheelbase) makes the kart safer than most bigger machines. Top sports-car men who get a kick out of go karts include John Fitch, Jay Chamberlain and Dan Gurney, despite the fact that one knocked him down last year in the Bahamas and broke his ankle. And in Britain, Stirling Moss, the finest driver of them all, is a partner in one of the 50-odd British companies that are hurrying to turn out equipment for a booming sport that has attracted none other than Prince Charles, Princess Anne, and Mr. and Mrs. Antony Armstrong-Jones. Properly handled, claims Moss, the go kart is as safe as a go cart. "Some people," says he, "can kill themselves standing still."

## Scoreboard

♣ With rapid-fire, unorthodox moves, Latvia's Mikhail ("Misha") Tal, a 23-year-old philologist, flustered methodical Mikhail Botvinnik, 48, into worrying more about hidden traps than mounting his own attack, dethroned the Russian master as world chess champion by the score of 12½-8½ in their matches in Moscow to become the youngest titleholder of the 20th century.

♣ A man who had lost the job twice before, banjo-thwanging Charlie Grimm, 61, accepted with casual aplomb the announcement that he had again been fired as manager of the Chicago Cubs, a team he had led to three pennants in 14 seasons, but which lost eleven of its first 16 games this year. Jolly Cholly's successor: Lou Boudreau, now a double-chinned 42, the old shortstop who was just 31 when he managed the Cleveland Indians to the 1948 pennant, later was canned himself by Cleveland, Boston and Kansas City.

♣ Leading all the way, Pennsylvania's unbeaten varsity eight cut its way through Connecticut's choppy Housatonic River to leave Yale 2½ lengths astern, round into top form for its big race this weekend against unbeaten Harvard in the Eastern Sprint championships at Worcester, Mass., a race that should produce the favorite to defend the U.S. crew gold medal in the Olympics this August in Rome.



LAUREN BACALL in "INDIA"  
Old, but lively.

fort and Kalapur, and in crossing it a rescue party would stand about as much chance as a moth in a monsoon—unless, of course, the party is accompanied by an ingenious scriptwriter (Robin Estridge) with a trunk full of assorted jaws of death, nicks of time, hair's breadths, fell swoops, stiff upper lips, white man's burdens and whys not to reason.

To command his madcap mission, Scriptwriter Estridge appoints an aging Kipling Stripling, Captain Scott (Kenneth More), and to follow him he assembles an improbable rout of colonial types: the pudgy little rajah (Govind Raja Ross), his noisy American governess (Lauren Bacall), the British governor's unflappable wife (Ursula Jeans) and dithering secretary (Wilfrid Hyde White), a nefarious newsman (Herbert Lom), two stolid Sikhs attached to primordial machine guns, a charming person (I. S. Johar) who runs locomotives, and an unspeakable person (Eugene Deckers) who runs guns. They all pile into an ancient passenger car drawn by a wondrously dilapidated steam engine called "Victoria"—apparently because it was built in the

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OKADA & RIVA IN "HIROSHIMA"  
A vivid metaphor of love and death.

year (1819) of Her Majesty's birth—and go harreling through the enemy barricades. The plot is as old as Noah but as lively as it ever was, and if the British keep on like this, they might well make easterns as popular as westerns.

## Love in a Mass Grave

*Hiroshima, Mon Amour* [Zenith International], the work of Alain Resnais, a 37-year-old director of documentary films (*Van Gogh, Night and Fog*), is the acknowledged masterpiece of the New Wave of Gallic moviemakers (TIME, Nov. 16). The picture won a special prize at the Cannes Film Festival last spring and has been acclaimed in France as "a thousand films in one": an atomic horror movie, a pacifist tract, a Proustian exercise in recollection, a radioactive *Romeo and Juliet*. As a matter of fact, it is all these things and more—an intense, original and ambitious piece of cinema.

The film begins with a vivid metaphor of love and death. A man and a woman lie in each other's arms in Hiroshima. Their bodies fill the screen in a luminous abstract of desire. But into this image of life burst images of death—recorded by Japanese cameramen who moved into Hiroshima the day after the bomb fell. Director Resnais permits himself no sensationalism, but the merest glimpses of the horror that was Hiroshima—acres of charred and moaning humanity—remind the audience with cruel force that the man and woman are making love in a mass grave.

Suddenly the lovers burst out laughing. They laugh with sheer delight in life, as if to say: Even in Hiroshima life goes on and life is good. And the woman murmurs musingly: "How could I have suspected that this city was made in the image of love?"

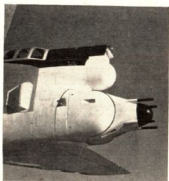
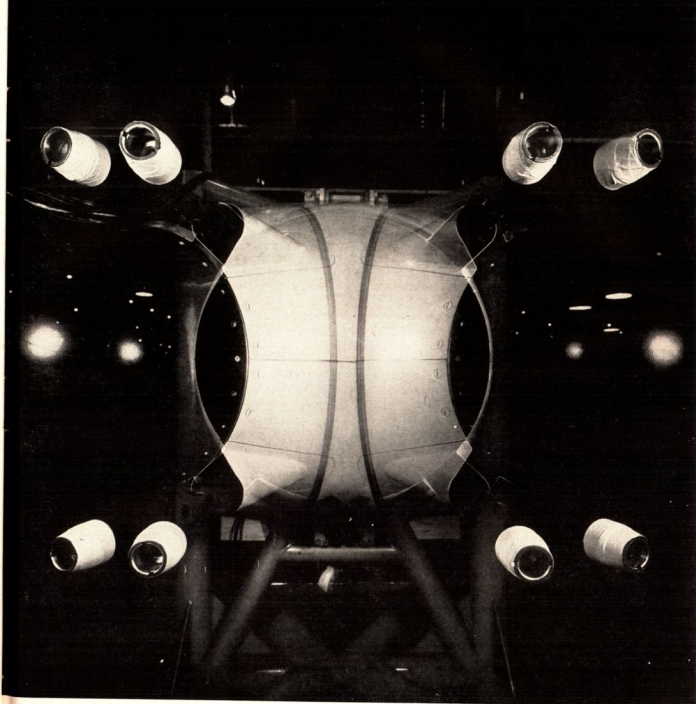
With this paradox, made startling by the context, Director Resnais introduces the theme of his film: Hiroshima, like God, is love. It is the Calvary of the Atomic

Age. It died for man's sins. It descended into hell and rose again. "[On] the fifteenth day Hiroshima was covered with flowers . . . cornflowers and wild iris, bear-bine and day lilies reborn from the ashes with a vigor never known before." And from the hell of Hiroshima, out of the death and transfiguration she finds there, the heroine also is reborn, revived by love.

In the first quarter of the film, Director Resnais states his theme with great power; in the second he develops it in an allegro of relationship between the hero (Eiji Okada), a Japanese architect, and the heroine (Emmanuelle Riva), a French actress. Later, in a passage of gloomy elegy that evokes the heroine's "amorous impossible" with a German soldier during World War II, the film begins to lose a little of its immediacy and drive. And in the long, obscure, lugubriously beautiful finale the theme is lost in sentimental variations.

But even with the film's faults, most of which derive from the screenplay by Novelist Marguerite (*The Sea Wall*) Duras, Director Resnais never sinks below a high creative standard. He commands a hysterically expressive performance from Actress Riva, some severely good photography from Takahashi Michio and Sacha Vierni, and an aptly abstract musical score from Giovanni Fusco and Georges Delerue. But what is most remarkable in the picture is the director's dexterity in combining all these elements and effects. He cross-cuts and flashbacks with daring and sureness. He plays words from one sequence against images from another. He dubs sounds from Hiroshima into scenes in France. He chops some episodes off with effective suddenness, and lets others run on like daydreams. And almost everything he does seems brilliantly right. Hiroshima and France, past and present, music and image and language weave together in a seamless mood that is hard to analyze and even harder to resist.





**HORNET'S NEST FOR THE B-52.** From any angle, the tail turret of the B-52 intercontinental bomber is ready for enemy aircraft. The radar and computer of the ASG-15 fire control system automatically direct the firing of four .50 cal. machine guns. Avco's Crosley Division has prime responsibility for engineering, production and performance of this powerful fire control system.

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*An impressive demonstration of Chrysler Corporation engineering in one of the world's finest high-performance automobiles*

The first Chrysler 300 was built as an experimental model with some of the most advanced ideas of Chrysler Corporation engineers. Professional test drivers were so impressed by the way it drove that Chrysler decided to make a few available.

This is not a car for the average motorist regardless of his means.

It is a car for the man who loves to drive and drives exceptionally well. For the mature, experienced driver who wants far more in the way of performance and handling than he can find in any production car no matter the price.

The 300F compares favorably with the most costly European Gran Turismo automobiles in its ability to maintain very high average speeds over any type of road—rough or smooth, flat or hilly, straight or twisted with hairpin curves.

But unlike cars designed primarily for competition, the Chrysler 300F is a comfortable, spacious car, quite distinctive in appearance and most luxurious in its appointments.

It is not unusual for one of these superb automobiles to cover 600 or 700 miles between morning and dusk. Owners report less fatigue after such trips than at the end of a trip of half that distance in other expensive cars.

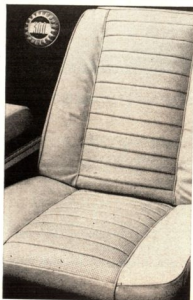
300's have an impressive history of record-setting performance on some of the world's toughest courses, yet they handle with an ease and a sense of security unequalled in modern automobiles.

And remember, many of the features, the rugged quality, the ease of handling found in the 300F are engineered into every automobile made by Chrysler Corporation. Try the one that fits you best. Let a drive bring out the difference great engineering makes.



*A tachometer shows engine rpm's to tell you when you approach or pass peak performance efficiency.*

*Bucket seat is designed to give comfortable support from shoulder to knee.*

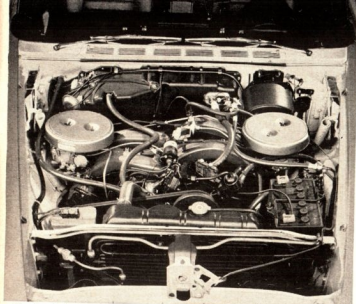


*Individual bucket seats, front and rear upholstered in top grain porous leather*



#### Basic specifications of the engine-transmission system:

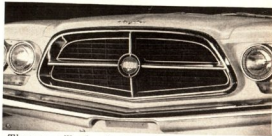
Piston displacement	413 cu. in.
Bore and stroke	4.18" x 3.75"
Compression ratio	10.1 to 1
Carburetor	2 with 4 barrels each
Horsepower	375 at 5000 rpm (400 at 5200 rpm with optional 4-speed manual transmission)
Torque, lb.-ft.	495 at 2800 rpm



*Here's what gives this car its remarkable performance. 375-horsepower Ram Induction engine with twin 4-barrel carburetors.*



*The 300F medallion is molded like a gear wheel to express the rugged spirit of the car.*



*The open grille gives the 300F a "Pure automobile" look.*



*Pure automobile...The Quick, the Strong, and the Quiet*  
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## STATE OF BUSINESS

## Deciding Factor

The U.S. economy, which had not seemed sure of where it was going, last week showed signs of making up its mind. The deciding factor was the U.S. consumer, who has not shared the gloom that enshrouds many businessmen. Said the Federal Reserve Bank of New York in its business review: "Consumer purchasing, in particular, brought a breath of springtime to businessmen."

Detroit got the strongest sniff (see below). U.S. department store-sales, after one of the best Easter seasons on record, were up 10% over last year's in the last week of April, helping to push seasonally adjusted sales for the month to a new April record. Sales were running 17% ahead of last year's in the New York area, 16% in Cleveland, 11% in Atlanta, 7% in Chicago. The consumer has shaken his earlier caution about buying on credit; consumer installment credit is still climbing, after a seasonally adjusted \$408 million gain in March, that brought it to a total of \$39.6 billion.

What all this meant to U.S. business at large was that though manufacturers' new orders have lately dropped, businessmen will have to reorder if the consumer keeps on buying at his present rate. Even the skittish stock market showed some cheer at this prospect. Though the bears on Wall Street had widely prophesied that the skidding market would break through its previous low for the year (reached in March) and continue its drop, they were disappointed. The market went right down to its low, then turned around and rallied. It ended the week at 607.62 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, up six points for the week.

## Happy Motoring

Detroit last week was enjoying the best spring sales surge since record-breaking 1955. A total of 578,680 U.S. cars were sold in April (up 15% from the same month a year ago). Of that total, 27.5% were compacts. On the strength of the spring buying surge, some of the auto companies were increasing production schedules. Chrysler, with sales up 32% from April a year ago, will step up output in May and June; Pontiac is increasing this month's production. Items:

☐ American Motors' Rambler set a new record for any month with sales of 47,256, up 27% from March, 10% from April 1959.

☐ Ford's Falcon sales jumped 17.5% over March to 44,600. The Thunderbird also hit a monthly sales record: 7,500.

☐ Chevrolet checked in with a record first-four-month total. April sales were 140,136 cars (up 20% from April 1959), with the compact Corvair accounting for nearly 13.5% of the total.

For the auto industry, the big sales of

compacts represent success at a price. They are taking sales away from some automakers' bread-and-butter lines; e.g., Chrysler's Valiant is outselling the Plymouth. At Ford, the runaway success of the Falcon is such that Ford has stopped releasing sales figures for standard Fords (the new Comet is also outselling its sister Mercury).

Since the automaker's profit is less on compacts than standard cars, manufacturers have to sell more cars to make up

performances were better than the Dow-Jones industrials', which declined 9%.

Despite the market slide, small investors continued to pour more money into mutual funds, investing for long-term gains. Sales of mutual-fund shares in the first quarter rose to a new high of \$619 million, up 31% from a year earlier. Increased redemptions were more than matched by new sales. At the end of the first quarter, the 156 open-end investment company members of the National Association of Investment Companies had total assets of \$15.3 billion. Their holdings of common and preferred stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange represent almost 4% of the total value of the Big Board's stocks.

The funds were far from agreement in how to view the market. After a survey of first-quarter portfolio changes by 42 leading investment companies, Wall Street's E. F. Hutton & Co. reported that some built up cash and bond holdings, while an equal number took the opposite position, bought heavily in common stocks. There was big buying in American Telephone & Telegraph, International Business Machines, Arkansas Louisiana Gas, Tampa Electric, and Babcock & Wilcox. Selling was heavy in such drug stocks as Chas. Pfizer, Merck, and Parke, Davis, following the unfavorable publicity of the Kefauver hearings.

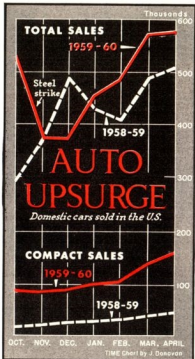
## REAL ESTATE

## Miami Beach Shake-Out

Never had so many tourists sought the sun at Miami Beach. But despite the biggest crowds in history—2,500,000 strong, 10% more than last year—Miami Beach hotelmen were deeply troubled last week as the winter season ended. More than 25 hotels, many of them high, white and handsome, teeter on the brink of financial collapse; four hotels in the last six months, including the Saxony and Cadillac, already are reorganizing under the bankruptcy act. Other hotelkeepers are trying to scrape together enough money to pay the taxes that they fell behind on during the frigid winter season of 1957-58.

After years of a live-it-up boom, Miami Beach's hotel industry is suffering a thoroughgoing shake-out. Nor is the trouble confined to Miami Beach. Throughout Florida, restaurants and lodging places have been changing hands at the rate of one an hour. If the trend continues, reports the Florida Hotel and Restaurant Commission, about 15% of all such establishments in the state will have new owners by year's end.

**Mounting Mortgages.** In Miami Beach the trouble was grand façades with rickety financing. Many of the hotels in trouble were built by speculators during the heady postwar period, and were so profitable for a time that they were easily sold for high prices. To get a mortgage on such over-



the difference. To date, as first-quarter profits show, they have done so. For dealers, too, the profit margin on a compact is lower. But since sales are up this year and price cutting has not yet affected compacts, dealers are doing all right.

## WALL STREET

## Faith in Mutual Funds

How did the mutual funds fare in the stock market's sharp first-quarter decline? Last week, from Mutual Fund Expert Arthur Weisenberger & Co. came the answer. For the first three months of 1960, the average decline in per share net asset value of mutual funds with unrestricted investment policies was 6%. Funds that specialize in growth stocks fared a little better, declining an average of 5%, while funds that balance their portfolios among common and preferred stocks and bonds were off only 2%. Thus by the Weisenberger tabulation, which includes dividends and reinvested capital, the funds' per-



valued properties, some new owners had to pay up to 25% in interest and fees on five-year mortgages. Saddled by such costs, one set of owners after another has gone broke in the midst of splendor. As each new owner takes out another mortgage, some hotels have been burdened with half a dozen or more mortgages worth more than the actual value of the building.

But still the new ones went up (65 hotels from 1946 to 1960), and competition got steadily keener. To lure guests, many hotels have switched to the American plan, tossing in two meals for only \$3 a day more. Some hotels have tried tie-ins with airlines and tourist agencies, selling blocks of rooms at cut prices. Rate cutting has become the rule; prices have slid as much as 25% in the last five years.

**Lost Appeal.** A new and sober mood is settling on the Bonifaces of Miami Beach. Once the great pride of Miami Beach was the dazzling new "hotel of the year," each one more expensively eccentric in décor than the last one. This year there was no new hotel, nor are any abuilding. Instead three huge apartment houses are nearing completion, offering apartments for tourists as low as \$100 a month.

Hotel owners sadly concede that the posh days are past. Miami Beach has lost its appeal to the high-living free spenders, who now prefer the Caribbean and the Bahamas. Many hotel owners frankly admit that middle-class tourists and conventions are becoming the chief sources of income, and the spending is much less. Says one Miami Beach hotelman: "We used to get the boss; now we get the office manager and the hired help."

## MODERN LIVING

### The Automatic Salesmen

Wall Street's newest romance is with the automatic vending-machine industry, which is changing the eating and buying habits of America. Shares in vending companies have suddenly been tagged with the magic phrase "growth stocks," have risen spectacularly in a declining market. In January, the stock of Universal Match, which rings up 40% of its sales in vending equipment, sold for 83, last week closed at 134. Vendo, the largest maker of automatic vending machines, has jumped from 23 1/2 to 66, while Automatic Canteen, biggest combined food-selling and machine-manufacturing company, rose from 21 to 31 1/2.

Vending-machine sales rose from \$600 million in 1946 to \$9.3 billion last year. The industry's 125 manufacturers and 6,100 operators are confident that they can maintain an average yearly sales increase of 10%, hit \$4 billion by 1965.

Underlying the industry's optimism are such changes in the U.S. economy as automation, high labor costs and increased leisure time. All have spurred an increase in money-in-the-slot automatic retail selling. Machines now dispense 15% of the nation's cigarettes. Last year vending machines sold 2 billion cups of coffee, 20%



Hank Walker—Life

MIAMI BEACH'S GOLD COAST  
Bosses stayed away; help came to play.

of the nation's candy bars and soft drinks. More than 4,000,000 robot vendors offer everything from onion soup and insurance to a spray of French perfume or a 30-second sniff of oxygen to ease hangovers. And if the coffee isn't quite like home, it's at least hot and close at hand.

**No Servants.** To woo the demanding U.S. consumer, at least to the point where the accessible substitute is preferable to a long walk, machine manufacturers have improved the quality and reliability of vending machines by employing the latest advances in refrigeration and electronics. Kansas City's Vendo Co. has set up completely automatic snack bars at the University of Kansas and the

University of Wichita, offering sandwiches, milk, coffee, pastry and juices. Vendo, which expects 1960 sales of at least \$50 million and profits of \$2.50 per share, is setting up an automatic drive-in with a complete menu on Kansas City's South Side. Says Vendo's Board Chairman Elmer F. Pierson: "In America today nobody wants to be a servant, and vending machines free people from being servants." The service may not be gracious, but it also saves tipping.

But a real boost for the vending boom has come from the improvement in coin-handling devices. Unlike the bad old days in the '30s, today's vending machine is virtually slugproof, returns money if it is empty. The biggest maker of coin-handling devices is National Rejectors, Inc., a wholly owned subsidiary of Universal Match Corp., which is controlled by Frank J. Prince. When Prince took over in 1951, sales were \$10.3 million. By acquiring vending companies, Prince brought Universal Match to the forefront of the industry with sales of \$72 million, earnings of \$3.01 per share.

Universal expects its growth to continue, thanks to a paper-money-changing machine which it will be ready to field test in July. The machine, which will open new retail sales outlets for vending, changes bills up to \$5, will be improved to change \$10 and \$20 bills by year's end. Universal is currently installing a machine for Manhattan's Macy's that will sell undershirts and shorts, change up to \$9.00 in coins and bills.

**Plant Restaurants.** Most aggressive new entrant into vending-machine manufacturing is Chicago's Seeburg Corp., biggest U.S. jukebox manufacturer, which is run by 34-year-old Delbert W. Coleman (TIME, Oct. 27, 1958). Within the past 18 months, Seeburg has acquired four vending-machine makers (cigarettes, fresh



UNIVERSAL MATCH'S PRINCE  
Coins accepted; slugs rejected.

# JET-AGE SLOWNESS

## Troubled Airlines Blame CAB

**T**HE CAB is a creature imprisoned by its own structure and procedures. It is unable to form clear policy. It is unable to make sound and comprehensive plans. It is unable to administer its affairs with vigor and dispatch." Such was the biting indictment of the Civil Aeronautics Board made by former CAB Member Louis Hector in his letter of resignation to President Eisenhower last fall. Last week this view was echoed—and then some—by the U.S. airline industry. The industry is beset by jet-age problems that cry for solution—and airmen feel that CAB is trying to solve them with all the speed and performance of an oldtime Jenny.

For example, CAB finally approved a fare hike based on the airlines' return on investment—four years after it began its fare investigation. Its announcement was so ambiguous and confusing that not even airline lawyers could figure out what the board really meant. The hike seemed to amount to about 2%, but Braniff announced that it will ask for a 3% hike, Capital for a 4% hike, Eastern for 5% (with Capital and Eastern also asking an additional \$1 a ticket).

The four-year delay points up one of the chief accusations against CAB: that it takes forever to decide even routine matters. Such indecision has hobbled the industry just when it needs fast action to deal with the new economic and regulatory problems of the jet age. During the first quarter of 1960, U.S. domestic trunk lines lost \$24 million, v. a pretax profit of \$16 million for 1959's first quarter. Bad weather and a spate of crashes account for some of the gap, but most of it is due to two major problems facing the airlines: fares are too low (at about the level of ten years ago), and competition too great.

• The CAB had a hand in both problems. After World War II, many airlines exuberantly overexpanded. Instead of using its power to impose restraint, CAB approved patchwork and often uneconomic route structures. Result: subsidy payments to airlines jumped from \$19.7 million in 1946 to \$83.8 million in 1959, before dropping again. Though all trunk lines are now off subsidy, CAB expects to dole out \$69.3 million in fiscal 1961 to small feeder airlines, which still do not have enough money to replace their obsolete equipment.

In adopting a policy of trying to strengthen middle-sized regional trunk lines, CAB awarded them long hauls already amply served by the major lines. Today seven markets are served

by five or more airlines; in 1955 there were none. Sometimes, as in the case of Delta and Braniff airlines, the plan worked. Often everyone got hurt. Says American Airlines President C. R. Smith: "Competition is good. It becomes bad when it is wasteful and there is insufficient business to provide a profit even for the most efficient."

• The classic example of such competition was CAB's award of a blue-ribbon Florida route to Northeast Airlines to "strengthen" the line, which formerly only flew between New England and New York. Two carriers—Eastern and National—had previously made a profitable living on the Florida run, but the addition of Northeast has meant losses for all three. With a \$7,000,000 loss in 1959, Northeast itself is in perilous financial condition. One of the major troubles at Capital Airlines (TIME, April 25) is its bad route structure. Though the routes were asked for by Capital and approved by CAB, they threw Capital into competition with big lines.

What is wrong with CAB? It is red-tape-died by rules dating back to simpler times, is second-guessed in its decisions by Congress and the White House. Many industry men also feel that CAB's deepest trouble is the men who run it. Men with better qualifications are often not willing to serve the long hours at the comparatively modest salary (\$30,000 a year) that the job offers. Three of the present CAB members, all appointed within the past few months, have little or no experience in commercial aviation.

The new board got off to a promising start by expressing its intention not to give out new lines to any carrier that comes crying for them. The old board did not anticipate the revolutionary impact of the new jets, which carry almost twice as many people at twice the speed of the old piston planes. The real problem is how to keep them filled and keep profitable. Higher fares are only part of the answer. Airmen feel that what the U.S. air industry needs—and CAB should provide—is a broad and permanent master plan for U.S. air transport to make it more economically sound. This might well call for less U.S. competition (especially since foreign lines have increased their competition) of such flexible lines as Capital and Northeast, and a redrawing of the route structures. Above all, airlines say it should provide for more vigor and dispatch on the part of CAB in making up its mind.

brew and powdered coffee, soft drinks in bottles and in cups), added a fifth last week. Seeburg plans to bring out two new machines (milk and candy) in the near future to broaden its line. Coleman expects the company's sales to rise 15% to \$26 million this year (35% from vending v. 7% last year) with profits "substantially increased" over 1959's \$1.64 per share. Says Coleman: "Just open up a suitcase and try to sell in the lobby of a big office building. They'll throw you out on your ear. But with vending machines they welcome you because you're rendering a needed service."

The biggest area of growth within vending is something that goes by the repellent name of in-plant feeding installations. With them, such companies as Chrysler and American Motors have stopped losing money on company cafeterias. Machine makers are racing to perfect a complete in-plant feeding system for such operating companies as ABC Vending Corp. (1959 sales: \$66 million) and Los Angeles' fast-growing Automatic Retailers Co. of America (est. 1960 sales: \$35 million). ABC Vending, which began selling popcorn and candy in Manhattan movie houses, now has concessions in more than 2,750 theaters and 420 drive-in movies. It has taken advantage of the leisure-time boom, moved vending machines into sports arenas, bowling alleys and stock-car racetracks. At Squaw Valley's Olympic Games last winter ABC did \$380,000 worth of business in ten days, decided to keep its snack bars in the area permanently.

• **Varied Menus.** Presently out in front is Chicago's Automatic Canteen Co. (1959 gross income: \$140.5 million), which both makes and operates vending machines. Automatic Canteen has developed a battery of vending machines that offer a complete snack line including infra-red toasted sandwiches, hot soup, chili, baked beans, pastry, coffee and cigarettes. Says Automatic Canteen Chairman Nathaniel Leverone: "The sales potential in in-plant feeding alone is at least as great as the entire automatic vending business is now." In an industry where profits for operating companies run about 3% of sales after taxes, Automatic Canteen expects to earn about \$5,000,000 from 1960 sales of \$147 million.

This week, Long Island's Continental Industries will begin operation of an automatic cafeteria for investment bankers Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co., providing a menu of 55 dishes with three choices per day, e.g., roast turkey dinner (50¢) and codfish cakes, peas and carrots (45¢), to 60 employees.

To keep up to date and to remain competitive, vending-machine makers are now spending ten times what they used to on developing new gadgets. They are now experimenting with store-front units with a complete line of grocery staples, which could operate on a 24-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week basis. They are also perfecting new dispensing devices for supermarkets and drugstores to prevent costly pilferage of small items of merchandise.

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T-5

## MANAGEMENT

### Word Power

No matter how carefully management may say it, workers often do not understand what the boss is trying to get across to them. So reported Princeton's Opinion Research Corp. last week. Only 12% of the workers fully comprehend the average company house-organ article, said the report.

Many terms that management uses mean little to the worker, but could be put in words that workers can readily understand, said Opinion Research. Suggestions: Use *company earnings* instead of *company revenues*, *sales tax* instead of *excise tax*, *efficient production* for *productivity*, *Government ownership* of *business* for *socialism*.

There are some words, the researchers found, that workers do not like to hear at all. *Corporation* conjures up a "selfish" and "ruthless" image, although *company* gets a friendly reception. *Piece rate* irritates workers, but they like the term *incentive pay*; and *free enterprise* evokes friendlier feelings than *capitalism*. Workers are not emotionally affected by the word *strike*, but *work stoppage* is associated by them with "bad, harmful, and unfair" practices.

### Politics at Ford

The old-style businessman often urged his workers to vote—the way he wanted them to. The new trend in business is to urge employees to take a more active role in the political party of their choice—even when that choice makes the boss gag. Last week, with the approval of the U.A.W., Ford Motor Co. sent letters to some 152,000 employees urging them to make political contributions through the company under a plan that guaranteed secrecy for the donor. Ford will pass out two envelopes to each worker, one with spaces for checking his choice of either Republican or Democratic Party. He places his contribution and a signed card in the checked envelope, puts it inside the second envelope, and drops it in a box in his plant for mailing to the party of his choice. Says Republican Henry Ford II: "The middle-income worker must be urged to take a bigger part in politics 'to provide a solid and wholesome buffer to extremes of either the right or the left and broaden the base of participation in politics.'"

Ford, which under Henry II's grandfather spent a lot of time and money trying to foist Ford's singular economic and political views on employees and the general public, has become a leader among U.S. industries in its nonpartisan efforts to stir more interest in politics. Its Civic and Governmental Affairs Office, set up in 1950, was one of the first of a series of political-education programs established by such firms as General Electric, American Can Co., Aerojet-General and Gulf Oil. The company not only urges its workers and executives to run for public office, but grants a leave of absence with continued fringe benefits for any em-

ployee elected to fulltime office. Ford has made plain that no worker need fear company reprisal for his political activities. One employee was worried because her husband planned to run on the Democratic ticket. Henry Ford phoned her personally to urge her husband to run, wished him good luck besides.

## GOVERNMENT

### Shift in Power Policy

When President Eisenhower was asked at a press conference why he had refused to reappoint William R. Connole to the Federal Power Commission, he replied with unusual feeling: "I think I can find a better man." Last week, to replace Connole, the President named Brooklyn-born Thomas James Donegan, 53, a former FBI agent and member of the Subversive Activities Control Board, who helped present the evidence to federal grand juries that indicted Alger Hiss, William W. Remington and Judith Coplon. Also named to the FPC was Paul A. Sweeney, 64, a Democrat and Justice Department lawyer, who will fill the post of John B. Hussey, who died recently.

Donegan's appointment drew angry criticism from Connecticut's Democratic Senator Thomas J. Dodd, who strongly protested Connole's dismissal. Connole had won a reputation as the commission's chief defender of the consumer. Charged Dodd: "This case highlights the lack of concern by this Administration for the consumer and the small person." Nothing in Donegan's Justice Department work, said Senator Dodd, indicates that he will make a better commissioner than Connole. Dodd pointed to Donegan's own remark: "I've never had anything to do with utilities outside of paying my gas bill." The White House hostility to Connole, a political independent, was said to be partly founded on anti-Administration cracks he had made at Washington cocktail parties. He was also disliked by his fellow FPC commissioners. The gas companies, for whom he had urged stricter regulation (in one important case his dissent was implicitly endorsed by the U.S. Supreme Court), were certainly not sorry to see him go.

But White House Press Secretary James Hagerty had another explanation for the new appointments, described them as a shift in Administration policy. Previously, appointments had been made to FPC with the knowledge that some representatives would favor different interests in the regulated industry. While Connole favored consumers, the three present FPC commissioners are considered sympathetic to industry. Hagerty said that the President now does not think of the new appointments as representing consumer, oil or gas interests. Said he: "These are the two best Americans that the President thought he could get, and he assumes they are representing the U.S., all sections of the U.S." Presumably, to make everything fair and square, the holdovers (one of whom has a term lasting until 1964) are expected to forget the grounds on which they were appointed.



GREENWALD PATIO DRESS (\$30)



COLE BEACH JACKET (\$15)

CATALINA BIKINI SET (\$17)





# THE CASUAL, ELEGANT LOOK

THE metaphorists of high fashion made the whole thing sound startling, fragile and very expensive: "Suddenly, with clothes going soft and guleful," cried *Vogue*, "the beauty aspect is changing from cosy-natural to smooth-as-sapphire." *Harper's Bazaar* personified it in a Golden Girl: "Blithe spirit, her skin the beige of beaches," dressed in "14-carat comfort, 14-carat chic." What was exciting them was the new effort to add elegance to the casual look of the American woman. Sportswear for milady has never been more abundant, more nearly priced for every pocketbook, more durable, or made more suitable for 24-hour wear. It also emphasizes the bare look, i.e., no sleeves, no back. All across the U.S. last week women thronged fashion shows and department stores to sample the casual wares.

Casual clothes got their first big boost at resorts and spread to suburbia, where housewives needed a single, rough-and-ready costume for the range of home chores, from driving the kids to school to cooking in the backyard. Now leisure dress has invaded the city: even in Manhattan, where women in shorts used to draw unfavorable stares, Bermudas and slacks are now commonplace in neighborhood shops and parks. In the past few years, sales of casual clothes have risen steadily; sales of slacks, sportswear's hottest item, have doubled in four years.



CORTINA KNIT ENSEMBLE (\$48)

OHREBACH'S LINGERIE-STYLE (\$35)

**Leather Pants.** Various called Capris and toreadors, the tight, form-hugging slacks are made in everything from plain cotton (\$1.95) to kid leather (\$75). They ushered in the lollipop look. "My husband doesn't like them," explains a California housewife. "Every time I bend over, he says I look like a lollipop. So one day I wore a dress. First, I caught it in the car door. Then the baby poured soup in my lap. To top it all off, the grocer asked me if I were expecting another child. I've been wearing pants ever since." Next to pants, the staple is the simple, classic shirtwaist dress. It is now—thanks largely to new synthetic fibers and treated cottons—sturdy, wrinkleproof, quick-drying.

For women with too, too solid flesh the revived culottes have proved the surprise hit of the season. The one- and two-piece culottes match a variety of blouses and jackets, thus fulfilling one of the essentials of a sportswear wardrobe: interchangeability. Other leisure items that have scored this year:

❑ Italian Designer Emilio Pucci's non-wrinkle silk jersey sheath that weighs only four ounces and helps to keep Italy, along with California, in the leisure-wear vanguard.

❑ Knit dresses in cotton, wool and synthetic weaves. Says a Bloomingdale buyer: "It is easier to sell a wool knit for \$60 or \$70 than any other kind of dress."

❑ Embroidered, lingerie-styled tops and pants in sheer cotton for the bouclair look on the beach.

❑ Poplin jackets, sloppy-Joe sweaters, and colorful tops designed to provide a public front for the Bikini wearer.

"Immoral." Bikinis, to hear the designers tell it, are favorably regarded only by the well-shaped women who buy them. "Most manufacturers do not like Bikinis," admits Rose Marie Reid, one of the most popular of U.S. swimsuit stylists. "They

are vulgar, hideous, immoral." Fred Cole of Cole of California agrees. Bikinis account for about 5% of all swimsuit sales.

Women who once owned only one bathing suit now have four or five. Form-molding Lastex is popular in swimsuits in many areas of the U.S., but cotton suits are more practical for suburban housewives. They like to wear the looser cotton suits around the home, wrap a skirt around themselves to do errands, throw on a sweater for an evening barbecue.

Time was when all a woman needed was to slip on a pair of slacks and her husband's old shirt to play the casual. But with slacks and casual clothes now designed even for evening wear, the idea is to convert "casual" into a fashionable word no longer synonymous with "sloppy" and "convenient."

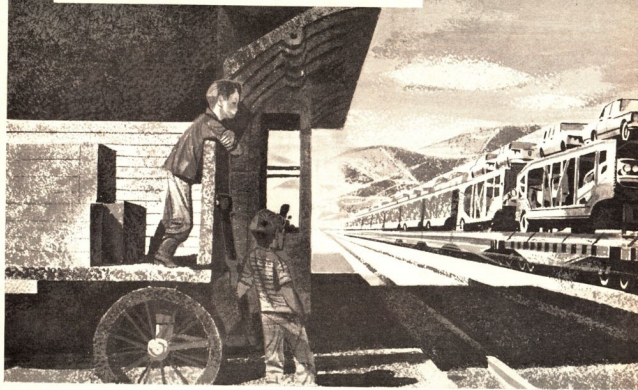


MR. MORT PIQUE CULOTTES (\$35)



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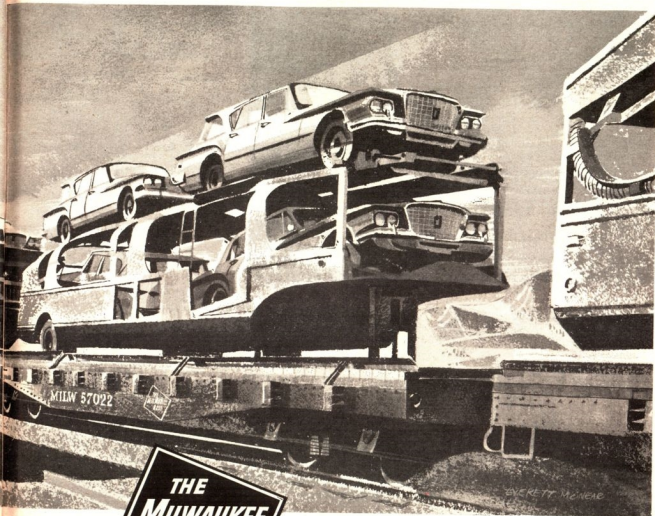
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### FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

## MILESTONES

**Married.** Britain's Princess Margaret, 29, and Society Photographer Antony Armstrong-Jones, 30; in London (see FOREIGN NEWS).

**Divorced.** Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., 61, sometime newspaperman and author, who last year in his twelfth nonfiction book (*Man of the World: My Life on Five Continents*) listed F.D.R. as "the only person in our social group who took me seriously"; by Ann Bernadette Needham, 28, his sixth wife and former secretary; after three years, no children; in Reno.

**Died.** Harvey Samuel Firestone III, 30, an heir and only son of Board Chairman Harvey S. Firestone Jr. of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.; of a fall (ruled suicide by a Cuban judge) from the 20th floor of the Havana Hilton Hotel. A spastic cerebral palsy victim, Firestone graduated from law school last year, had planned to practice in St. Petersburg, where he and his wife and daughter made their home.

**Died.** Brigadier General John Reed Kilpatrick, 70, longtime (1933-55) showman-president of Manhattan's Madison Square Garden; of cancer; in Manhattan. A Yale football great and All America ('09-'10), Kilpatrick was on the AEF general staff in World War I, commander of the Hampton Roads Force of Embarkation in World War II, won a proxy fight for control of the languishing Garden in 1935.

**Died.** Colonel Henry Breckinridge, 73, onetime (1913-16) Assistant Secretary of War, markedly independent Democrat and Manhattan lawyer, who was Charles A. Lindbergh's counsel and unsuccessful intermediary after the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Manhattan. Leaving Kentucky at 27 to join Woodrow Wilson's Administration, Breckinridge fought hard to improve the pitifully weak U.S. Army, resigned when he felt that he had failed, and subsequently saw action in France during World War I. Later, he broke ranks to run against F.D.R. in four presidential state primaries in 1936, as a protest against the New Deal.

**Died.** Marion Edwards Park, 84, the third president (1922-42) of high-ranking Bryn Mawr College, who did much to liberalize the rigid curriculum by permitting more electives, in 1926 daringly urged her graduates to seek a career—for a year, at least; of arteriosclerotic heart disease; in Plymouth, Mass.

**Died.** Charles Holden, 84, busy British architect whose solid, conservative designs left his imprint throughout London (the handsome London Transport office building, the towering London University buildings, Piccadilly Circus subway station) and in scores of impressive World War I memorials scattered about Britain and France; in London.



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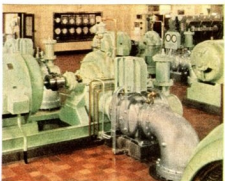
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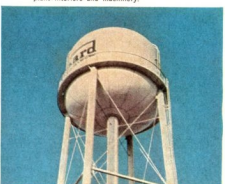
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## BOOKS

### The Corridors of Power

THE AFFAIR [374 pp.]—C. P. SNOW—Scribner [\$4.50].

Sir C. P. (for Charles Percy) Snow is a Geiger-counter Galsworthy. Himself trained in science (chemistry and physics). Novelist Snow set out two decades ago on a vast and ambitious project: a cycle of eleven novels, titled *Strangers and Brothers*, intended to probe the broad upper middle class that dominates science, education and much of government in the age of the Scientific Revolution. In his own way, Snow is writing about Organization Man. His hero is the 20th century manager, science-minded, a born administrator and as typical of his era (in the words of one British critic) "as tyrants were of Renaissance Italy or enlightened despots of the 18th century."

Snow is attracting more and more attention in the U.S., and his latest novel—No. 8 in the projected cycle—is a June Book-of-the-Month. Even his fans admit that he is a pedestrian writer, a precise but prosaic documentarian. What makes Snow fascinating to many readers is his subject—the infighting that goes on along "the corridors of power," and the sort of cold, uncivil war that rages between what Snow labels the Two Cultures—traditional and scientific.

**Faces of Justice.** Like its predecessors, *The Affair* is intelligent, reflective and genteel. As in *The New Men* (No. 5 in the series), Snow deals with scientists and their troubled consciences in the Atomic Age. As in *The Masters* (No. 4), the setting is a university that might be called Oxbridge, whose High Tables have been rocked by a scandal that will not down with the port.

As the book opens, a scientific fraud in the form of a faked photo of an experiment is uncovered, and a court of dons quietly strips the seeming culprit of his rank as a university fellow. Hush-hush becomes buzz-buzz as the ex-fellow, Donald Howard, insists that his renowned old scientific mentor, now dead, framed him. To compound this apparent caddishness, Howard is also a fellow traveler and a boorish personality. His only ally is the conscience of a few of his colleagues who fear justice has miscarried.

As a Howard faction of liberals crystallizes, so does an anti-Howard clique of conservatives, and the short-fused passions of left v. right detonate. Playing Zola to Howard's Dreyfus is a man of good will and strong character, Lewis Eliot, the upper-echelon bureaucrat and first-person narrator who either dominates or "IT" witnesses most of the Snow novels. What

Eliot gradually collects is not so much the evidence to clear Howard as the ambiguous human motives—sly, cynical, stoic, self-serving, occasionally selfless—that convict all would-be judges of men.

There is social-climbing Dawson-Hill, who dines with dukes and will not let down the class he aspires to. There is icily detached Arthur Brown, who is burning to be the next master of Oxbridge and wants to smother all controversy for fear of irking potential supporters. There is Nightingale, a man with a superb war record but an indifferent academic past who may have suppressed evidence out of gratitude for being made bursar. Justice,

attitude can be fatal—and there are many failures and near failures loitering in the corridors to prove it. But the successes dominate the scene, and they provide a fascinating contrast with most U.S. novels about organization life: they do not feel guilty about being successful. Power can corrupt, and Snow warns that the new men must guard—and be guarded—against this corruption; but he also knows that someone must exercise power to keep the wheels turning—or to do justice.

**Faces of Success.** C. P. Snow has observed the new men both from the viewpoint of science and literature, from poverty and power (he has been a top civil servant, and remains something of a tycoon, as Director for the last 13 years of English Electric, Britain's biggest electrical firm). His father was a gentle underling in a shoe concern in Leicester, England. The family was poor, at least "shabby genteel, no money to spare." Young Charles won a scholarship to red-bricked Leicester University, where he copied first class honors in chemistry. He went on to earn a master's degree in physics (1928) and win a research fellowship at Christ's College, Cambridge. But, says Snow, "I was never an inspired scientist; it was a way of making a living." His real ambition: literature.

At Cambridge, he dashed off two apprentice novels, and in 1935 Snow first conceived *Strangers and Brothers*. What fascinated Snow was "how decisions of importance are made," and when World War II came, Snow found out by making some. As a chief of scientific personnel for the Ministry of Labor, he interviewed thousands of scientists, slotted them to top-secret projects.

In 1950, Snow married one of his earliest literary critics, handsome Novelist Pamela Hansford Johnson, whose books, largely about marriage and the private worlds of modern people, are less ambitious but far better crafted than her husband's; her most recent: *The Unspeakable Skipton*, a witty, waspish caricature of the famed adventurer, "Baron Corvo." The Snows share a ten-room London flat and a 61-year-old son. Snow likes to be in the worldly swim and throws parties conspicuously free of fellow novelists. Sir Charles is a shade stuffy about most 20th century authors; of another practicing panoramist, Lawrence Durrell, he says: "A bit like eating a box of soft chocolates." Too many writers, he feels, are munching chocolates instead of facing reality. At heart they fear science, and this keeps aggravating the crisis of the Two Cultures—what he regards as the monstrous gap between the "scientific culture" and the "traditional culture" led by "literary intellectuals." Snow feels that this gap (greater in Britain than in the U.S., where intellectuals tend to



THE C. P. SNOWS  
A Geiger-counter Galsworthy.

as Snow delights in proving, is a lady who wears more than one blindfold.

**Faces of Men.** *The Affair* often moves at the maddening pace of a ruminative pipe smoker between puffs. No social pigeon can escape Snow's passion for pigeonholing. However, no one can quite match Cantabrigian Snow at making an old school seem both old and a school. At rare moments, *The Affair* is even a touch exalted, as when a quivering nonagenarian don suddenly trumpets the underlying theme of the book: "Go now and do justice. If you can temper justice with mercy, do so. But go and do justice."

Above all, *The Affair* continues Snow's exploration of what the "new men" are really like. In many ways, they are not so unlike the old men. Although there is greater freedom of opportunity in Britain than before—a bright but poor man like Lewis Eliot (or C. P. Snow) can make it on brains alone—there is fully as much snobbery in the corridors of power. The wrong word, the wrong wife, the wrong

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believe, sometimes too blindly, in the scientific method) threatens the West with a loss of practical strength and cultural creativity.

**Faces of Tragedy.** Snow sees ignorance and disdain in both camps, but it is plain that he puts heavier blame on the traditional side. "The scientists have the future in their bones: the traditional culture responds by wishing the future did not exist." The literary intellectuals, particularly, tend to talk about the tragic human condition, and such talk infuriates Snow. The individual's condition may be tragic. Snow admits ("Each of us is solitary: each of us dies alone"), but that is no reason why the "social condition" must be tragic, too. For science, after all, promises that no man need die of hunger or disease.

Characters in several Snow novels die from other causes and suffer from other afflictions; several commit suicide or go mad, struck down by some unexplained flaw of character or of fate. The scientific promise of food and health has obviously not been able to save them, and Snow evades that dilemma. The poor boy who found his way through the corridors of power still finds it more pertinent to insist, with old-fashioned and unabashed optimism, that "industrialisation is the only hope of the poor."

That important and frankly materialist hope shaped an era. The Lewis Eliot saga, for all its limitations, reflects the triumphs of the era, as well as its dangers and its crises of the soul.

## Waiting for Marco

VENETIAN RED [503 pp.]—P. M. Pasinetti—Random House [\$4.95].

Her eyes are an ageless blue, but the ancient Signora Partibon is dying. Life flickers in her like needlepoints of sunlight refracted on a palazzo ceiling from the Grand Canal. She grips the hand of her grandson Giorgio and thanks him for his visit ("Now the whole family has come"). But Giorgio, incorrigibly honest, utters a long-banned name: "One of your sons, Marco, is not here." In a paroxysm of coughing, the old lady dies.

Waiting for Marco is like waiting for Lefty or Godot. In this first novel it represents a messianic yearning for an honest man who will redeem the corruption of Mussolini's Italy. Long before Marco makes his anticlimactic appearance, Italian Author Pasinetti explores half a dozen themes—love, death, courage, Venice, and, above all, the interplay of two families.

**Pedants & Peasants.** The grasping Fasolas and the well-bred Partibons share an hourglass relationship. The Fasolas are on top, but empty, feeding on the fetid air of Fascist posts and poses. The Partibons are on the bottom, but filled with grit and their own brand of gallantry—the gallantry of being their rather idiosyncratic selves. Giorgio's tawny-haired sister Elena, with whom he is spiritually close to incest, drives motorboats and herself at a swamping pace. Brother Giuliano plays cards from morning to

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by George Romney

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some of these letters under the heading "Love Letters to Rambler."

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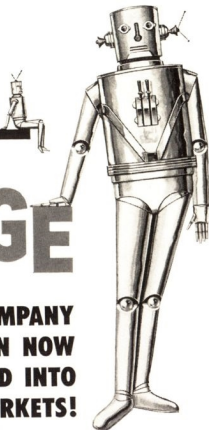
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night and takes cute tricks to bed. With Chekhovian unconcern, Papa Partibon paints while the roof is sold over his head for mortgages.

The Fassolas stuff their black shirts and their bellies. The intertwining fortunes of the two families require, and almost justify, every episode and dialogue-choked page. Novelist Pasinetti allots to them, Young Enrico Fassola falls in love with Elena, but she breaks his heart and pride by having an affair with a childhood sweetheart. Test Pilot Massimo Fassola plummets to a watery death, leaving another Partibon girl pregnant. Novelist Pasinetti does deft sketches of



NOVELIST PASINETTI  
Cards in the day, tricks at night.

pedants and peasants, including a notable portrait of a venomous Fascist toady.

**Actions & Gestures.** Like a lazy mocking mirror of human folly flow the canals of Venice. Novelist Pasinetti tellingly evokes "the bride of the sea," with its funeral gondolas, its swish of steps and voices and waves on marble landings, its wheeling pigeons under a volley of church bells. Pasinetti was born in his setting, is now a professor of Italian at the University of California at Los Angeles. He wrote his novel in Italian and then translated it into English on a tape recorder, a method that gives the book a convincing, though sometimes too pronounced, foreign accent.

At the end of the long story, Uncle Marco finally shows up, and proves to be a kind of lifelong peripatetic anarchist. His final moral counsel is: "See that you always perform actions, never gestures." But hardly anyone seems to live by that advice—except Author Pasinetti. His book, far from an empty gesture, is the kind of literary action few writers trouble to take any more; it is an old-fashioned book and uncommonly satisfying.

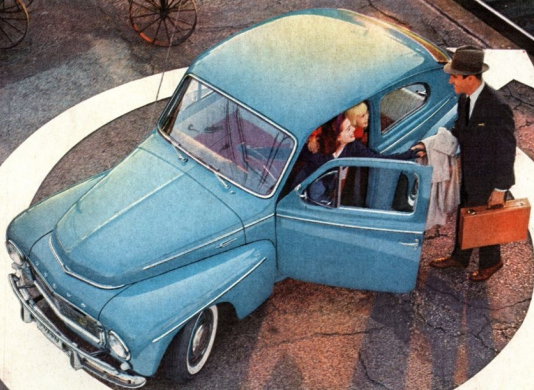


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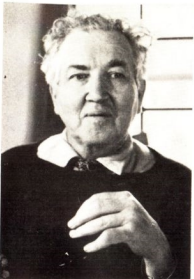
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## Myths, Muses & Mushrooms

FOOD FOR CENTAURS (382 pp.)—Robert Graves—Doubleday (\$4.95).

Robert Graves's mother used to warn him against becoming "like people who feed birds in public gardens, and usually have two or three perched on their heads." But Mother scarcely foresaw the strange-feathered notions that would roost inside Graves's head. Out of this intellectual aviary fly de-crested myths, twice-tweaked Bible tales, a poetic cockatoo called the White Goddess, and great whooping cranes of scholarly controversy. As a man who travels "full-speed in the wilder regions of my own, some say crazy, head."



Ellen Averback

MAN-OF-LETTERS GRAVES

And also a poetic cockatoo.

Graves ranges airily from poetry to poltergeists, from mushrooms to Majorca (his expatriate home). Though the form changes—essay, lecture, story, poem—the wryly cantankerous wit and charm remain the same.

**The Little Foxes.** Graves is one of the few men of letters who can talk shop, for example, without putting up the shutters of boredom or obscurity. What does a good poet do? He captures the sound of his own voice talking, says Graves, a natural voice and "not the one in which we try to curry favour with children at a party, or with an election crowd, or with a traffic cop." To show what happens when a poet merely apes passing fashions, Graves does a parody of a Japanese *haiku* called "The Loving Parents":

*Forgiven can direct  
Unsure expense  
Cable soonest collect!*

In his more eccentric vein, Graves maintains that neither Benedict Arnold nor Judas were traitors. Sample argument: "A dishonest treasurer, as Judas is represented as being, would not have sold

out at that petty price." The title piece of *Food for Centaurs* is a superlative action shot of Graves in the fine, frenzied throes of a theory. By some recondite detective work, he reaches the conclusion that the centaurs' food was mushrooms. It was a very special scarlet-capped European mushroom, known as the fly-amanite. According to Graves, this mushroom is fiery to the taste, imparts extraordinary muscular strength and creates overpowering sexual desire.

In antiquity, says Graves, some mushrooms went by the nickname of "little foxes." This sets the stage for one of his brazenly assured and highly speculative exercises of Biblical texts. It is highly unlikely, argues Graves, that Samson caught 300 real foxes, set their tails afire and turned them loose to burn the cornfields of the Philistines. What he probably did was to arm 300 soldiers with flaming torches and inflame the men with the mushroom wonder drug. When the lovely Shulamite in *The Song of Solomon* cries "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes!", she is asking for the fiery aphrodisiac, according to Graves, to be washed down with flacons of wine.

**Love Is the Object.** For a man who can read a lot into a mushroom, Graves remains singularly incurious about the ancient sites that have spurred so much of his writing. At 62, the author of *I, Claudius* finally did go to Rome for the first time. In *Centaurus* he candidly admits that he has yet to see Athens, Corinth, Mycenae, Constantinople and Jerusalem. "The truth is, I dislike sight-seeing," says Graves. Most modern cities fill him with despair and still another theory: "I believe that closer research into human fatigue-reactions would show that perfectly straight lines and perfectly flat surfaces, perfect circles, and exact right angles, induce between them much of the mental illness for which functionally-built modern cities are notorious."

As for the after-world, all suggested versions strike Graves as equally and disastrously dull. He it "the Moslem Heaven of sherbet, tiled baths and complaisant hours" or "the Norse Valhalla with its endless battles and mead-orgies" or "the Judaeo-Christian Heaven of golden temples, where only a chaste sodality reigns." They all lack love, says Graves (two marriages, seven living children), and he adds of himself: "I have never not been in love since boyhood." Again and again he makes plain his feeling that love is a poet's major subject and his only object. Recently, for a friend named Ava Gardner, Graves copied out one of his poems, some lines of which he thought described her well. With a change of pronoun, they are as aptly suited to him:

*She speaks always in her own voice  
Even to strangers . . .*

And

*She is wild and innocent, pledged to  
love  
Through all disaster . . .*



(SEE BACK COVER)

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## CINEMA

**Pollyanna.** Walt Disney's best live-action movie to date sticks to the original tear-jerking plot like icing to a sugar bun, tells the simpering story of the horrid little prig (intelligently acted by 13-year-old Hayley Mills) whose armor of cheerfulness and joy remains impenetrable to the sniffling end.

**The Battle of the Sexes.** Outgoingness, in a transatlantic adaptation of James Thurber's *The Catbird Seat*, Brit-er's Peter Sellers is an Edinburgh book-keeper ready to murder the 20th century's threat to his traditional way of life.

**I'm All Right, Jack.** Sellers again—as a union shop steward in a cracking good sociopolitical satire.

**Come Back, Africa.** Filmed in secret and crude in craftsmanship, Lionel (*On the Run*) Rogosin's candid-camera movie manages a fair-minded, matter-of-fact look at a modern nightmare: the black depths of South African society.

**The Fugitive Kind.** A high-priced cast that includes Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, Victor Jory and Joanne Woodward turns Tennessee Williams' *Orpheus Descending* into a Mississippi bayou, now and then happens on islands of poetry in a sea of mud.

**Conspiracy of Hearts.** In a film that uses every known device to strap its audience with suspense, Lilli Palmer is the mother superior of an Italian convent where Jewish children—escaped from a Nazi concentration camp—are sheltered.

## TELEVISION

Wed., May 11

**Not by Bread Alone** (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.).<sup>\*</sup> A report on lunch counter sitdown demonstrations and store boycotts in the South.

Thurs., May 12

**Frank Sinatra Timex Show** (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Sinatra, his 19-year-old daughter Nancy and Clansmen Peter Lawford, Sammy Davis Jr. and Joey Bishop meet in Miami Beach to welcome Elvis Presley.

Fri., May 13

**Roughing It** (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). James Daly is Mark Twain in dramatization of Twain's famed collection of stories about the Nevada gold rush. Color.

**Person to Person** (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). Charles Collingwood visits Herbert Hoover at the ex-President's cottage on Florida's Key Largo.

Sat., May 14

**John Gunther's High Road** (ABC, 8:30 p.m.). Jack-of-all-trade winds is off to Antarctica, ramming his way through thickening ice on a scientific expedition.

**Journey to Understanding** (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Reports from five national capitals fill in the background of the summit meeting. ABC presents *Presidential Mission—the Summit*, Sun. May 15, 4-4:40 p.m., and CBS's *Eyewitness to History* weighs in with its first report on Tues. May 17, 8-8:30 p.m.

**World Wide 60** (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Report from *Outer Space* includes, among others, T. Keith Glennan, head of the

<sup>\*</sup> All times E.D.T.

National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and William Howells, Harvard anthropology professor. The program attempts to outline the why and wherefore of moon shots, deep space probes, weather satellites and astronauts.

Sun., May 15

**Lamp Unto My Feet** (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.). An original ballet by Carlos Surinach on the David and Bathsheba theme.

**Meet the Press** (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). On tape from Berlin, reporters meet Mayor Willy Brandt, who ponders in the shadow of the summit.

Tues., May 17

**The Garry Moore Show** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Guests: Carol Haney, Alan King.

## THEATER

## On Broadway

**Bye Bye Birdie.** A rampaging musical about a pelviod crooner named Conrad Birdie (Dick Gautier) and the howling pack of teenagers who pursue him. As staged by Gower Champion, the show is fresh, playful, lustily breezy. With Chita Rivera, Dick Van Dyke, Kay Medford.

**Duel of Angels.** Vivien Leigh is brilliant in Christopher Fry's adaptation of Jean Giraudoux's gloved, sheathed, cynically scented prose.

**The Best Man.** In the setting of a frenetic political convention, Playwright Gore Vidal shuffles his cardboard characters with dexterity, but, since no issue is ever mentioned, they could just as well be competing for the presidency of a cement company.

**Toys in the Attic.** A weak man suddenly gains the strength of money, to the distress of wife and sisters, who preferred him weak. Lillian Hellman's play is excellently brought to life by Jason Robards Jr., Maureen Stapleton, Irene Worth, Anne Revere.

**The Tenth Man.** The girl is obviously psychotic, but Playwright Paddy Chayefsky—in a strikingly original play set in a Long Island synagogue—suggests that she might be possessed by a dybbuk, an evil spirit that has all but vanished from currency in the age of Freud.

**The Miracle Worker.** This moving show—about the deaf-mute child, Helen Keller—owes much to the unmatchable acting of Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke.

**Five Finger Exercise.** One of the Broadway season's few well-written plays is the work of British playwright Peter Shaffer, who nearly kills an outsider by shoving him into the deadly crossfire of a devastatingly ordinary and unhappy family.

## Off Broadway

**Henry IV, Part II.** The Phoenix Theater follows up its excellent production of Part I with an equally good treatment of the seldom-performed Part II, graces the continued story of Falstaff and Prince Hal with dynamic staging and statures acting.

**The Prodigal.** Using the legend of Orestes, 24-year-old playwright Jack Richardson makes a mocking, modern statement and turns what could have been a dry academic exercise into a deeply written, fully fleshed work of theater.

**The Balcony.** France's Jean Genet sees the world as one enormous whorehouse, and sets about supporting the notion with ingenious, ironic invention.

## Best Reading

**The Sign of Taurus**, by William Fifield. A curious novel in which the astrological notions of an old Polish countess are mixed with exuberant descriptions of Mexico's sights and sounds; the result, happily, is a triumph of Mexico over metaphysics.

**The War Memoirs of Charles de Gaulle: Vol. III, Salvation 1944-1946.** Written in bold, eloquent prose that serves as an admirable carriage for the author's honesty and sense of destiny, this third and last volume of memoirs is a revealing testament to the man and his country.

**The Leopard**, by Giuseppe di Lampedusa. A wry, moving, melancholy elegy to the last century's aristocratic life—a major fictional creation.

**A Distant Trumpet**, by Paul Horgan. The Southwest comes vividly and impressively alive in this fictional reconstruction of the Indian wars.

**The Roguish World of Doctor Brinkley**, by Gerald Carson. The biography of the greatest medical quack ever to barter colored water for cash tells a wild but true story in an appropriately cornball style.

**The Kremlin**, by David Douglas Duncan. A superb photographic study.

**The Dandy**, by Ellen Moers. The impulse to pluperfection in male attire, scarcely visible in the age of the sack suit and Truman shirt, ran high from Beau Brummell's time to Max Beerbohm's, and the author charts it with sober care.

**D'Annunzio: The Poet as Superman**, by Anthony Rhodes. Italy's flamboyant warrior-poet is portrayed in an entertaining biography.

**A Separate Peace**, by John Knowles. A first novel that is exceptionally well written and, rarer still, thoroughly controlled, about a schoolboy's discovery of a knot of homicidal jealousy within himself.

**Clea**, by Lawrence Durrell. The febrile and exotic creatures with whom the author has peopled Alexandria are on view in the final volume of a vivid tetralogy.

## Best Sellers

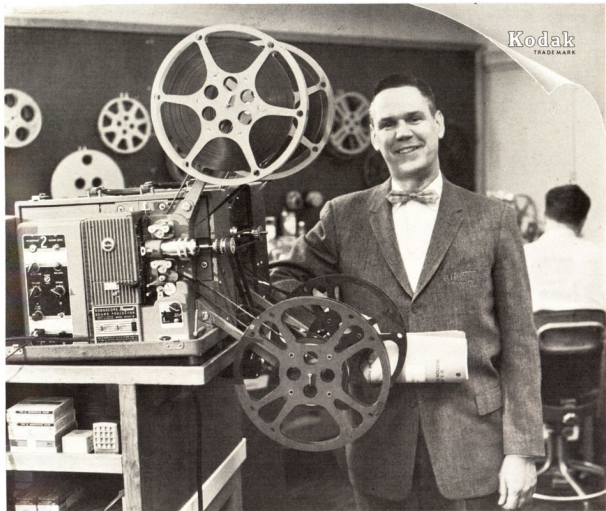
## FICTION

1. *Hawaii*, Michener (1)<sup>\*</sup>
2. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (2)
3. *Trustee from the Toolroom*, Shute (5)
4. *The Lincoln Lords*, Hawley (4)
5. *Clea*, Durrell (8)
6. *Ourselves to Know*, O'Hara (6)
7. *The Constant Image*, Davenport (3)
8. *The Devil's Advocate*, West (10)
9. *Two Weeks in Another Town*, Shaw (9)
10. *Kiss Kiss*, Dahl (7)

## NONFICTION

1. *May This House Be Safe From Tigers*, King (1)
2. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (3)
3. *The Law and the Profits*, Parkinson (4)
4. *The Enemy Within*, Kennedy (2)
5. *Hollywood Rajah*, Crowther (5)
6. *Grant Moves South*, Catton (6)
7. *Act One*, Hart (7)
8. *Born Free*, Adamson
9. *Meyer Berger's New York*, Berger (9)
10. *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*, Flynn (8)

<sup>\*</sup> Position on last week's list.



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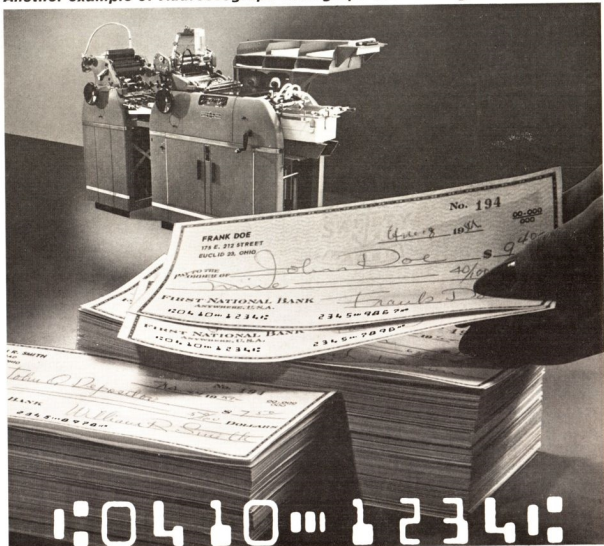
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